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Darlan and American Liberals

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE last two weeks have witnessed a historic clash between two theories of political behavior—the "quarterback" or opportunist theory, long indorsed by the President, and the theory which insists upon the importance of a thought-out, consistent political line. It seems to me that events have demonstrated the superior value—especially for a nation fighting for the survival of democratic institutions—of the second theory. And what amazes and alarms me is the ease with which so many persons sincerely committed to the democratic cause have accepted football tactics as adequate to the demands of a complex political-military struggle.

The opposition expressed by *The Nation* to Darlan's appointment as military and civil chief in North Africa was received with total disapproval by many liberals. The protest of one prominent dissenter is published on a later page of this issue. Suddenly, and with evident satisfaction, people who had fully recognized the dangers of appeasement abandoned their critical functions altogether. The wave of self-congratulation and relief set in motion by the first experience of victory swept both principles and political judgment from their accustomed moorings.

There were exceptions—notably the comments of Edward A. Murrow broadcasting from London, at least one careful discussion by Walter Lippmann, and several columns by Dorothy Thompson. I mention these persons particularly because they spoke clearly where others apologized or equivocated. I mention them, too, because they are so few, while the liberal apologists for the government's position are so many and so contemptuous of the principles and beliefs they formerly supported. And I want to say that the mass surrender of the liberals in this country, their determination to believe that military expediency and political wisdom are identical, their rush to follow the leader wherever he may be heading—these phenomena are ill omens for the future of democracy.

The one useful role independent liberals can perform is that of vigilance officers. Committed to no govern-

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mental position, restrained by neither official reticence nor party discipline, they have the duty to use their minds freely and critically. If they abdicate this role, they lose their only excuse for existence in a warring nation. At a time when the very shape of the future is being molded by the acts of today, the need for independent political thinking and leadership is as great as the need for a strong army and an efficient government. The satisfactions of the confessional and the sawdust trail, however tempting in days of stress, must be resolutely rejected by those who hope for the survival of democratic ways of either fighting or peacemaking.

Already events have shown how well founded was the belief expressed in this journal that the appointment of Darlan was political dynamite. The bitterness among the Fighting French and their supporters, the disapproval manifest even in official circles in Britain, the open alarm among the European free groups in this country, the quick reaction in Latin America, these were clearly responsible for the President's explanation on November 17. But his emphasis on the temporary character of the arrangements in North Africa, while serving as partial reassurance, also showed how little political foresight had entered into those arrangements. For in the very act of explaining matters to a disturbed and anxious public, the President was forced also to explain to Darlan that he was being cynically used for our immediate advantage and would be thrown out as soon as our position became secure. To expose a plot is to demolish it. To the degree that Darlan and his followers believe the explanation, Darlan's authority is undermined and his zeal, one would imagine, diminished.

But in any case, the political harm done by the Darlan appointment has not been undone, nor can it be by any pronouncement from Washington. Darlan is still in charge. He is organizing his civil administration. In his first broadcast announcing his assumption of control he assured his listeners that the Vichy laws would remain in effect. He must, it is true, carry out the orders of the American command. But how far our writ will run in French territory is a question. We have a war to wage on alien ground. We have given tremendous practical power—however temporary—to a man who has little reason to implement American orders any farther than he must. With our help and equipment he will build up a force officered by men who for the most part owe no more allegiance to us or to the democratic cause than he. No doubt they will be as loyal as our continued success warrants. What they would do if we should meet reverses can only be imagined. One thing alone would safeguard our situation as well as fulfil our political obligations: the prompt reestablishment of a legal government as constituted under the regime Hitler and Pétain overturned.

Not only have the dangers of our ill-advised political action in North Africa not been wiped out by the President's counter-action; suspicion, although somewhat allayed, has certainly not been dissipated. When the French labor leader Léon Morandat escaped to England the other day, he reported bluntly that President Roosevelt's influence in France had been reduced by 75 per cent as the result of the Darlan appointment. This may be an exaggeration; it is important if it is only half true. Our complacent officials and all recent converts to the cult of expediency should also ponder the attitude expressed in the influential political weeklies of Britain. Every one of them—and the list covers the whole range of political opinion, from the conservative *Spectator* to the left-wing *Tribune,* including the independent pro-labor *New Statesman and Nation,* the liberal *Time and Tide,* and the middle-of-the-road *Economist*—comments in its current issue on the dangers involved in America's political strategy in the North African campaign.

Neither the President nor the army nor their liberal apologists should fool themselves in this matter. Democratic elements all over the world have developed the deepest suspicion of the whole appeasement policy. They fear a future Europe studded with Quisling governments. They note the tenderness with which Franco's hateful tyranny is treated, and they ask whether Britain and the United States have not already pledged themselves to support his regime after the war in return for his continued neutrality. They see the creation of a "Free Austrian" battalion in the United States army built up with the collaboration of Archduke Otto, and they ask whether a new embryonic empire is in the making. They read that the foreign offices of the Allied nations are considering whether the future government of Italy should or should not be built around the House of Savoy, for twenty years the willing shield and accomplice of Mussolini. They observe the close relations between some elements in our government and the Vatican. And they ask whether in the end the forces of democracy may not find themselves marching toward victory side by side with their enemies.

These questions will be asked as long as our government acts as though this war were a strictly military struggle to be won by tanks and planes reinforced by political compromises which seem momentarily expedient. They will be asked until the United States, in common with the other United Nations, agrees on a consistent political policy and makes that policy a part of the grand strategy of the war. If the Inter-Allied Political Council, long advocated by this journal, were now in existence, the Darlan blunder would not have been made. Events may hasten the creation of such a council; the demand for a political strategy which will win the confidence and inspire the resistance of common people in all countries grows stronger every week.

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The Shape of Things

A GLOBAL OFFENSIVE BY THE UNITED Nations is in the making, and in nearly all war theaters the initiative is passing into our hands. In the southern Pacific American and Australian forces are consolidating gains on Guadalcanal and New Guinea while the Japanese fleet licks its wounds. In North Africa the pursuit of Rommel continues while the Allied forces under General Eisenhower's command mass for an assault on Tunisia. But it is from Russia that the most exciting and important developments of the week are reported. A few days after a successful counter-offensive in the Caucasus, Timoshenko launched a powerful and rapid pincer movement designed to trap the Nazi army before Stalingrad. It is possible that a part of that army had already withdrawn westward, for it has long been obvious that Hitler would be unable to establish winter lines on the bare steppes between the Volga and the Don. In any case the Red Army seems to have caught the Germans by surprise and to have staggered them by the violence of its punch. The huge quantities of booty already taken suggest considerable demoralization among the Axis forces. And nothing could be less impressive than the latest Nazi alibi—a statement that the strategic plan of the Reichswehr was to open gaps in its lines in order to tempt the Russians forward to destruction.

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THE SCARCITY OF NORTH AFRICAN NEWS and the vague terms of the meager official communiqués make intelligent comment on that theater difficult. American censors are having a field day, and many of the correspondents who were so mysteriously whisked from London to the scene of operations must be wondering why they were invited at all. One thing is clear: the task of mounting an offensive against the strongly intrenched enemy in the Tunis-Bizerte area is proving formidable. For while the Axis ground forces are undoubtedly inferior to the numbers we can muster, strong German and Italian air fleets are being concentrated in the Mediterranean arena. This situation makes understandable the anxiety of General Eisenhower, not merely to neutralize the French North African army, but to obtain its active aid. That was the reason for the deal with Darlan, and the bloodless adherence of Dakar enlarges our profit from the bargain. But we do not know what price the Vichy turncoat has received; according to his own statement, there have been no American demands "unrelated to military requirements." Controlling a large army revivified by American supplies, he might be found to hold powerful trumps should the military situation deteriorate, for example, by the adhesion of Spain to the Axis. The emergence of Suñer in Madrid makes it impossible to overlook this possibility.

TWO FREEDOMS CLASHED IN THE CHAMBER of the United States Senate last Monday: the freedom of 10,000,000 American citizens to vote without having to pay for the privilege, and the freedom of Senators to talk on a bill without time limit and without pertinence. By a vote of forty-one to thirty-seven the Senators decided that their right to endless talk was the more important of the two; they refused to invoke the closure rule by which the anti-poll-tax bill would have been brought to a speedy vote and a certain victory. What they said in effect was that it is better for a measure approved by a majority of their membership to be filibustered to death by a handful of Senators than for the simple rules of intelligent debating to be enforced. Senators who favored the anti-poll-tax measure supported this fantastic view with solemn warnings about the dangers of closure and boasted of their spotless records in never having voted for this perfectly normal ban on parliamentary anarchy. We are glad to see the Senate get on with other important business, but in a way it is too bad that Senator Barkley, the majority leader, agreed beforehand to bury the bill if closure were rejected. The spectacle of Senator Bilbo reading back issues of the *Congressional Record*, or perhaps the telephone book, to a quorum of dozing colleagues might have produced enough public reaction to force an overhauling of the Senate rules.

*

AN UNHERALDED CABINET SHAKE-UP IN Britain has resulted in the demotion of Sir Stafford Cripps and steps upward for Anthony Eden and Herbert Morrison, both possible future Prime Ministers. According to a rather cynical suggestion, Cripps has been "a victim of the success atmosphere." His popularity helped to bolster the government when its own prestige had fallen to a low point after the loss of Singapore. Then by taking responsibility for the Indian negotiations he provided a convenient left-wing conductor for the lightning bolts of anti-imperialists at home and abroad. Now, with Mr. Churchill's ascendancy reestablished by victory, Cripps may have been sacrificed to Labor Party demands for greater representation in the War Cabinet. On the other hand, it is probable that he has found membership in that body a growing weight upon his conscience. Whatever disillusionment he may have suffered in the course of his abortive Indian conversations, he must find Churchill's reviving imperial effervescence hard to stomach. There must have been domestic decisions, too, which he accepted unwillingly, and difficulties may have arisen between him and the Prime Minister owing to the generally recognized impossibility of inducing the latter to take any interest in post-war problems. Cripps, therefore, may have been anxious to avoid further responsibility for Cabinet policy, but it is hard to understand why he should have accepted an administrative post instead of moving to the opposition

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benches. As an independent critic of the government he might have been in a better position to serve the progressive cause.

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A RECENT BRITISH POLL, THE DETAILS OF which have not been published, revealed the popular belief that Anthony Eden was the man best fitted to succeed Mr. Churchill, with Cripps a close runner-up and the rest of the field nowhere. By virtue of his promotion to leadership of the Commons, Eden is brought into the limelight in just the spot where Cripps proved himself singularly inept. The House of Commons is always aware that it controls the destiny of a British government, and it has to be handled with a special mixture of firmness and tact. Cripps showed himself insufficiently sensitive to parliamentary atmosphere, and his tendency to pedagogy was resented by the members. Eden is likely to shine by comparison in this particular job. The elevation of Herbert Morrison to a place in the War Cabinet draws attention also to his possibilities as Prime Ministerial timber. He is as able a politician as he is an administrator, and so is probably aware that the promotion involves danger as well as honor. His labor colleague in the War Cabinet is the equally able Ernest Bevin, and between them there has long been a certain amount of rivalry. They will both need, therefore, to discourage Mr. Churchill from pitting one against the other. For united as the British political parties are for the purpose of winning the war, it is no use pretending that they share a common policy for peace or that jockeying for future political position has been abandoned.

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AS *THE NATION* REVEALED SOME WEEKS AGO, Otto of Hapsburg has been busy planning a "Free Austrian" legion to be headed by himself. Now the scheme has moved a step farther. A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* announcing the decision of the War Department to form a battalion of Austrian Americans to fight for the liberation of Austria also reported that Otto had set up a "military committee" to "cooperate in recruiting" the battalion. This item raises several fascinating questions. Was Otto authorized by the War Department to act as a recruiting agent? If so, was the decision made with the assent of the State Department? And in any case what possible excuse can be found for allowing this alien pretender to an extinct throne to enlist American citizens for the American army? But subtler problems are also involved. Otto's committee has announced that recruits for the battalion will be found among the "10,000,000 Americans of Austrian descent." The figure is interesting. Austria has a population of 6,000,000. To find 10,000,000 descendants of "Austrians" would be possible only if Austria were generously defined as including all the Succession States. And that, one must assume, is just what Otto meant. How our allies, the Czechs and Poles and Yugoslavs, regard this enterprise can easily be imagined. They are naturally outraged and are waiting to see whether our government intends to rid itself of Otto's embarrassing services.

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AN AGREEMENT BETWEEN ADMIRAL ROBERT, governor of Martinique, and the State Department will, according to Mr. Hull, make unnecessary American occupation of French possessions in this hemisphere. No details have yet been published, but it has been stated officially that the agreement provides for "American security" and for the maintenance of economic life in the French islands. We are unable to say, therefore, whether the Martinique radio will in future be subject to American control or be permitted to continue propaganda of the kind quoted in an article on page 576 of this issue. It should be noted that as recently as November 16 Admiral Robert was still transmitting orders from Marshal Pétain. It is said, however, that in signing the agreement with us he has cut himself off from Vichy and acted on his own authority. But from whom does he derive that authority if not from the government which appointed him? If he is no longer responsible to Vichy, then he is responsible to no one but himself, for he certainly has received no mandate from the inhabitants of the French Antilles. In other words, he is merely a self-made tropical tyrant who can hold his position only so long as the armed forces under him are loyal and the United States continues to recognize his government as legitimate. The second of these factors is undoubtedly the governing one, which means that we become morally responsible for his rule or misrule. Under these circumstances Mr. Hull ought to let us know what steps he has taken to free the prisoners whom Robert is holding for the sole offense of wishing to support the United Nations.

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REPORTS FROM CHUNGKING OF JAPANESE troop concentrations in the northern part of French Indo-China and west of the Salween River on the Burma border indicate a serious threat to China. If the Japanese were successful in pushing into Yunnan Province as far as Kunming, China's last tenuous contact with the West by way of India would be cut. This would be a major calamity not only for China but for the United Nations cause in Asia. For regardless of recent triumphs in the Solomons and New Guinea, the chief hope of dealing a knockout blow to Japan lies in operations from China. The Chinese have vast armies trained and ready to destroy Japan's land armies once they are adequately equipped and provided with air power. They have several huge air bases within bombing range of Tokyo, but so far not a single long-range American bomber has appeared to use them. The number of fighters sent to China has been pitifully small. Our neglect

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of China and of the opportunities that China presents for effective action against Japan is the most discouraging aspect of our war strategy. The best aid that could be given to China would, of course, be the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Burma road. A major drive against Burma, even if not immediately successful, would automatically check a Japanese drive into Yunnan.

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ONE OF THE MOST NATURAL—AND AT THE same time one of the shabbiest—arguments used by employers to shelve the National Labor Relations Board is that the board's hearings disrupt war-time production. It is therefore particularly painful to see it trotted out by the American Federation of Labor in the case of the Kaiser shipyards. Kaiser is charged by the C. I. O. with having entered into illegal closed-shop contracts with sixteen A. F. of L. unions. The contracts were signed at a time when only 191 men were working at his Vancouver yard, 66 at his Portland yard, and no men at all at the new Swan Island establishment. Consequently there are now thousands of men in the three yards who must hold A. F. of L. cards in order to work and who have never been permitted to designate a union of their choice. At least 700 workers, says the C. I. O. complaint, were being discharged at the very moment that Kaiser was recruiting man-power in New York. With evidence enough to warrant a full investigation of the charges, the board had no alternative but to issue a complaint and call for hearings. It is this action which William Green has denounced as "the outstanding Axis victory of the month" and which has impelled him to warn that his federation will seek to oust the board's present personnel. Ignoring the allegations contained in the complaint, Mr. Green has confined himself to pointing out that production at the Kaiser yards is booming and that labor and management are getting along beautifully. All of which is true—and just as irrelevant as an employer's contention that he should be exempt from the Wagner Act because he is successfully turning out war goods with the aid of a company union.

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"IN A RECENT ISSUE OF *THE NATION*," complains Oswald Garrison Villard in the *Christian Century* for November 18, "a writer actually urged the defeat of twenty-six men who were candidates for re-election to the Senate or the House because they had not voted the way he thought they should." Mr. Villard's comment suggests a novel approach to politics, and we wish he had developed it farther. If a Congressman is not to be judged on the basis of his voting record, just what criterion should be applied? If there is something "discreditable"—the word is Mr. Villard's—about prying into this aspect of a candidate's qualifications, how can Mr. Villard conclude that "those who were reelected now have the right to say that they spoke for their constituencies and have been upheld by them"? Finally, if Mr. Villard himself did not—discreditably?—examine the voting record, what is it that impels him to believe that "not in many, many years has there been as startling and salutary an election as the one just held, or one which does more credit to the intelligence of the electorate"?

*

THE *SURVEY GRAPHIC'S* SPECIAL NUMBER ON "Color: Unfinished Business of Democracy" contains many excellent articles, including several on the status of Negroes in the African colonies, and of these none is more timely than a portrait of Felix Eboue, Negro governor of the Chad region, who has kept millions of natives on the side of the Fighting French. A copy of it should be laid on Cordell Hull's desk. Eboue is a great fighter and a statesman of vision; he stfikes us as a far more desirable ally than some who have recently been adopted by the United States. As a matter of fact the *Survey Graphic's* issue as a whole should have the widest possible reading, for it presents an extremely interesting and lively analysis of one of the pressing problems of our time.

Political Censorship

WE HAVE heard a great deal about the sins of the British censorship, but probably most Americans are unaware that even more stringent restrictions are imposed on press messages sent from this country to Britain. Until recent months American correspondents in London were usually able to cable information which had appeared in the British press and were allowed to quote from editorials and speeches, however unfavorable to the government. In neither of these categories of news has the censorship in this country been nearly so lenient.

Facts of various kinds, particularly those relating to production, are frequently deleted from cables sent to Britain even though published in every American newspaper. An example is the President's statement that bombers are not yet coming off the Willow Run assembly line. The excuse offered in such cases is that the Nazis can get copies of British papers through Lisbon and can make use of even non-military information for propaganda purposes. This explanation would be more convincing if the Administration had not acquiesced in the operation of convenient pipe lines to Berlin through the Vichy and Spanish embassies.

But while they fight specific instances of censorship of facts, British newsmen concede that the question of what facts may be of use to the enemy is a reasonably open one. What they chiefly complain about are attempts by

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the censor to prevent the honest reporting of American opinion. British correspondents in New York have, for example, been prevented from telling their readers about the great debate in this country on race discrimination. They were not allowed to quote from a recent speech by Wendell Willkie on this subject. Again, efforts have been made to hinder the transmission to Britain of views expressed in this country about the Indian deadlock. In one of many instances a quotation from an article by Raymond Clapper sharply attacking Premier Churchill's attitude on India was prohibited. Another matter on which the American censorship is extremely touchy is State Department policy.

The Darlan incident brought this situation to a head. British opinion was extremely disturbed over the sudden development which placed a leading collaborationist with the Nazis in a position of great authority in French North Africa. Strong protests were made in the British press; sharp criticisms were heard in Parliament. Similar American editorials and statements could not be sent to Britain, and so successfully have our censors persuaded their British colleagues to accept their taboos that only an emasculated version of the pungent comments of the London political weeklies has been allowed to reach our eyes.

The excuse offered for this kind of censorship is again that it offers ammunition for Nazi propagandists. But there is no way of preventing such controversies from being overheard by Goebbels, and attempts to prevent Britishers who dislike the adoption of Darlan from learning that their feelings are shared by many Americans can only foster Nazi efforts to promote disunity between us and our allies.

In a recent cable to the London Sunday *Dispatch*, Don Iddon, New York correspondent of that paper, accused the American censorship of taking upon itself "the task of deciding what the British people should know about America and what they should not know about America." This suppression of opinion, he warned, is apt to result in a tremendous misunderstanding. "One day there might be a major schism in Anglo-American policy, and the people in Britain will say, and rightly: 'But we had no idea American opinion took this view. . . . There were never any indications of such a trend.'" "When you suppress honest and responsible opinion," Mr. Iddon concludes, "you are playing a dangerous game. American censorship . . . is shackling and gagging us and is shackling and gagging American opinion by preventing its export to Britain. I protest against this sort of censorship. It is not worthy of American democracy."

We indorse this statement and hope that the British correspondents will not be left to protest alone. As Raymond Daniell in a London dispatch to the New York *Times* points out, the British authorities are politely reciprocating the regulations of the American censors. Thus the rights and interests of all American newspapers, newspapermen, and newspaper readers are involved in this disregard for freedom of public opinion.

Ration Food!

ALTHOUGH the United States has produced more food in the past two years than in any other two years of its history, the average American housewife is having increasing difficulty in getting adequate food for her family. Our shipments of foodstuffs to our allies under lend-lease arrangements have been tremendous. Millions of our own citizens, including many in the armed forces, are enjoying an adequate diet for the first time in their lives. Some supplies, such as those of sugar, tea, coffee, and bananas, are reduced because of shipping difficulties. At the moment, the most serious stringencies are felt in meat, butter, and other dairy products. Owing to the demands of the armed forces, the amount of beef available for civilian consumers has recently been cut down to 70 per cent of last year's deliveries. A recent WPB order froze 50 per cent of the butter in cold storage in thirty-five principal marketing centers.

In normal times a temporary shortage in one or two food items would cause only minor inconvenience. But these are not normal times. Each rumor of an approaching shortage starts a flood of buying by hysterical housewives, thus frequently creating a shortage where none existed before. The coffee shortage was greatly accentuated by just such hysteria. The report of the cut in butter supplies almost immediately led to a wave of unnecessary buying. The OPA is said to be considering the adoption of drastic anti-hoarding regulations, but such regulations would be extremely difficult to enforce. The one satisfactory safeguard against hoarding and inequitable distribution of necessities is rationing. But rationing works best if it is instituted before stocks become seriously depleted. And the experience of the past few months demonstrates the unwisdom of giving advance notice regarding the goods to be rationed. There are many kinds of food which for one reason or another will never need to be rationed. But where shortages are anticipated—and the Department of Agriculture and the WPB well know where that is—immediate action should be taken to institute a rationing system that will guarantee adequate supplies for everyone.

It is worth noting that representatives of some twenty consumer, church, and labor groups have taken the initiative in urging a comprehensive rationing program. Many persons within the OPA are known to have long favored such action. But the WPB has held up general rationing, presumably because it was not sure of the public's reaction. The opposition of a group of recalci-

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trant Congressmen to nation-wide gasoline rationing may have intensified this concern. But we think the public would welcome a rationing program if it were presented as a means of safeguarding the family diet, not as an attack upon it. It is unfortunate that the propaganda associated with the rationing of sugar, oil, and gasoline appealed to the patriotism of the average consumer instead of making it clear that these steps were being taken for his protection. This handicap must be overcome if a general food-rationing program is to be successful. A fireside chat by President Roosevelt would perhaps be the most effective way of doing it.

Fighting the Fighting French

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 23

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL seems to have played some part in the President's statement last Tuesday declaring our North African agreement with Darlan "a temporary expedient." De Gaulle's own protest the day before was approved by the British government in advance of its release, and there is reason to believe that Churchill telephoned Roosevelt about the Darlan affair that same night. Some further clarification of our government's attitude was expected when André Philip, De Gaullist Minister of the Interior, paid a visit to the White House yesterday. A few of the Fighting French seem to have been optimistic enough to believe that the President might grant recognition, and they showed their disappointment after the conference. Philip was taken to the White House by Under Secretary Welles. After he left, Secretary Hull visited with the President. There may be some significance in the sequence. Hull could have wiped out the unpleasant memories associated with his reference last year to the "so-called Free French" by taking Philip to the White House in person; or he could have had Philip present at a press conference and made amends for the slur. He did neither. Hull and the dominant faction in the State Department still seem to harbor a grudge against the Fighting French.

The Fighting French are far from satisfied with the President's statement on North Africa. This dissatisfaction does not spring from lack of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt but from long and painful observation of some of the men and forces in his Administration. In some quarters the President's declaration "We are opposed to Frenchmen who support Hitler and the Axis" is being interpreted precisely and literally as shutting the door only on collaboration with Frenchmen *now* visibly supporting Hitler. If this is a correct interpretation, the statement does not mean much. Naturally we are opposed to Frenchmen now supporting Hitler. But what of the Frenchmen like Flandin and Pucheu who steadily supported appeasement, collaboration, and Hitlerism until the North African invasion but who are now flocking to our side? Some indication of how certain State Department figures would answer the question may be obtained from the newspapermen who reflect their views. On Tuesday Arthur Krock spoke of Flandin's "harsh conservatism, even fascism" as making him "ineligible for any *sustained* cooperation from the United Nations" (my italics), but added that "if he can be of any real use in winning the war, he will be used." The next day Ernest K. Lindley, while recognizing that De Gaulle had good reasons for disliking men like Flandin, made an extraordinary observation. "There are practical advantages," he wrote, "as well as inherent difficulties, in broadening the political base of the French movement for liberation." It would be broadened further, one supposes, if we could also take in Laval.

Dorothy Thompson wonders why "if it was possible to get Giraud out of metropolitan France . . . it was not possible to spirit a man like Herriot out, to be there to declare the dawn of liberation." A possible answer to the question is that among the army's political advisers are very few who would feel at home in dealing with an *homme du gauche* like Herriot. Most of these advisers are men of the right who gravitate naturally to the anti-democratic forces. With General Eisenhower is Robert D. Murphy, who is a close friend of General Weygand and who represents the right-wing Catholic attitude toward Vichy. There are many elements in the church at home and abroad who disliked the Third Republic as a secular state. The Office of Strategic Services, which seems to do much of the army's political thinking, is as mixed in its composition as its chief, William J. Donovan, is in his thinking. There are many good things, from the progressive point of view, to be said about both the O. S. S. and Donovan, but there is also much that is disturbing. The O. S. S. has acquired some of our most moth-eaten diplomats. William Phillips, who as our ambassador to Rome so admired Il Duce, is in charge of its London Office for Political Warfare. Hugh Wilson, whose soft attitude toward the Nazis so disturbed the late William E. Dodd, is also with the O. S. S., as is John Wiley, who was

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Bullitt's first secretary in Moscow. These men can inspire only misgivings in the European underground.

The battle for the reconstruction of Europe has already begun. A view that is meeting little resistance favors the setting up of new regimes far enough to the right to permit American big business to take back its properties and resume its old cartel ties. In most big-business circles it is realized that we must get rid of Hitler, but these groups would still like "the trains to run on time," as we used to say in the days when Il Duce was in favor. The European underground has other visions of the future, and that is one reason for the undercurrent of anti-De Gaullist sentiment in places like the State Department. André Philip is a Christian Socialist, but distinctly not of the Dollfuss variety. De Gaulle has learned much in the years since France fell. His followers have no intention of handing the country back to the Comité des Forges and the two hundred families. They wonder why we have called only for repeal of the Nürnberg laws, not for reestablishment of the laws of the Third Republic; anti-fascist French Jews will resent the move as compromising them in the eyes of their neighbors.

The most hopeful development here is the feeler put out by the Administration in the Welles speech asking for a statement of war aims. Without some such statement, without at least the outlines of a program, the forces of the economic status quo will win by default. "Nothing of importance," Wendell Willkie said in his speech at the forum conducted by the New York *Herald Tribune*, "can be won in the peace which has not already been won in the war itself." The policy of drift will lead toward more Darlan deals, and these impair the moral leadership of the President and the Vice-President and the American people in the eyes of the world. Unless watched, these temporary arrangements may take on a more permanent character. Trial balloons are going up here for a deal with Franco. These arrangements may be the means of achieving some immediate military advantage, but what of the Four Freedoms?

Pacific Deadlock

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

OUR recent naval victory in the Solomons brought into the public eye with startling suddenness a front which during the past few weeks had seemed to be definitely secondary.

The most striking characteristic of the Pacific war to date has been the closeness with which its main outlines have followed pre-war predictions. Japan was conceded an advantage in the western Pacific, the United States in the eastern. Barring the large-scale naval and air intervention which the pre-war diversion of American sea power into the Atlantic and the disaster at Pearl Harbor ruled out as a possibility, Japanese successes were certain. Had not the Japanese, in great confidence, attempted to make their victory complete by an unsound attempt to invade the American zone, their strategic position would have remained much stronger than it is today. The defeat at Midway and also the prolonged attrition in the Aleutians have definitely crippled Japan's striking power.

The enemy's losses, however, cannot be regarded as decisive. For if the war is to be won it is we who must take the initiative in an amphibious offensive, not the Japanese. The latter have already won, and to keep their victory they need only to repel American attacks. The central question, therefore, remains: Can we penetrate the western Pacific successfully and there decisively defeat Japan? Can we deprive Japan of its conquests?

Here we face two special difficulties. The first is transportation, in which the Japanese have the advantage of operating along lengthy but interior lines. A given number of merchantmen are more valuable to them than the same number would be to us because of the difference in distances. With this consideration and the needs of the Atlantic in mind, then, we must outbuild Japan by an enormous margin to achieve mere equality in the battle of supply.

In the second place we are obliged to take the offensive in the Pacific without naval superiority, because of the number of ships that must be diverted to the Atlantic. Furthermore, our Pacific fleet is matched against an enemy which in six years of secret shipbuilding has obviously constructed many more vessels than it has been credited with possessing.

The early news from the Solomons seemed to indicate that despite these disadvantages we were ready to answer in the affirmative the question as to whether we could reconquer territory seized by the Japanese. We achieved a complete surprise and made landings with ridiculously small losses. American strategists were convinced that the island-hopping process essential to victory had commenced. In nearly four months events have not justified these early hopes. We have succeeded in holding our conquests, but save in nearby and rather unimportant New Guinea we cannot show any positive victories.

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There are several reasons for this negative record. To begin with, we were not prepared to follow up our successes with a further offensive elsewhere. The Joint Board apparently viewed the Solomons campaign as a local operation, an opportunity to handicap the Japanese without running the risks or undertaking the responsibilities of a full campaign. For example, MacArthur, whose command was not directly involved, was notably slow in sending army reinforcements to relieve the marine garrisons. But whether this circumstance opens him to criticism is doubtful since the navy can hardly be said to have taken its sister service into its confidence.

Our failure to follow up the occupation of Guadalcanal and Tulagi gave the Japanese an opportunity to recover and launch attacks of their own. On the night of August 8 three Japanese cruisers and four destroyers sank 40,000 tons of ships and did an undisclosed amount of damage to a somewhat larger American force, which despite advance warnings was completely unprepared. This disgraceful repetition of Pearl Harbor was actually cited as a tactical victory since American transports were not interfered with in the unloading of their troops. The navy, moreover, chose not to disclose losses until it was possible to make a simultaneous announcement of successes. This disaster, of course, required replacements, and these considerable reinforcements must have created serious logistic problems in the Atlantic. Despite our superior air strength, which could be readily replenished, the enemy took advantage of our inferiority in sea power and put in reinforcements and supplies. Air power proved invaluable. Had the Japanese held the upper hand here, our campaign would long since have ended in disaster. Nevertheless, air power could not take the place of naval dominance. Our planes exacted a tribute of Japanese ships coming within their range, but the fleet itself continued to operate.

A second reason for our negative record is to be found in the unwillingness of the Japanese to accept defeat and lose face. The anchorage at Tulagi and Henderson Field hold a certain value, but they are assuredly not worth the three major efforts which the enemy has made to recover them. This shortsighted pugnacity, while it has forced us to acknowledge the Solomons as a long-continued major campaign rather than an isolated episode, has also played into our hands to a certain extent by leading the Japanese to risk large losses repeatedly. Though they have never tried using the entire striking power of their navy and risking the war on a single battle, the task forces have become larger and larger. When efforts to entice our warships away from air support failed, the Japanese took long risks. The sinking of at least one Japanese battleship and five cruisers in a clash with our surface and air forces is a fair commentary on the military unsoundness of operating without air support. If the United States navy has been too cautious, as is sometimes charged, that of our opponent has been bold to the point of foolhardiness.

The continued fighting about the Solomons has yielded some interesting tactical results. Our air forces, especially those of the navy, have been largely responsible for our success to date. Repeatedly they have retained command of the air under attack and have destroyed a very large number of Japanese Zeros, bombers, and float planes. In contrast to its inadequacy at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, our air-raid warning system has been extremely efficient, much better than that of our opponent. The navy has learned by bitter experience, but it has learned. Our marine and army units are likewise giving a much better account of themselves than did the land forces earlier encountered by Japan. Anti-aircraft defense by planes and guns has likewise become more effective, though the poorer grade of pilots now being used by the enemy probably has something to do with this good record. The plane carrier as a capital ship has demonstrated such definite vulnerability to air attack that either a much better protected type of carrier or a great superiority in their number will be a future prerequisite to carrying on an offensive. The battleship itself still packs the most powerful short-range punch of any weapon, and the mid-November naval battle demonstrated that it is not obsolete. But the longer reach of air power is clearly a necessity.

From the strategic point of view the campaign has certainly produced something approaching a stalemate. While we are somewhat better off than we were at the first of the year, the mass destruction of sea-based air power has left both the Japanese and ourselves so short of this essential to amphibious war that an immediate offensive by either side is highly unlikely. Defenses on both sides, however, are strong.

As to which side will be most benefited by the delay in launching an offensive, there is considerable room for doubt. The Japanese will be given more time to garrison islands, erect coastal defenses, bring in air forces, and otherwise consolidate their gains. On the other hand, the production of American shipyards is certain to augment vastly our striking power by sea, and it is not probable that the Japanese will be able to match this increase. This is especially true because the ratio of losses by attrition is clearly in our favor, though not to the degree that American official figures—which frequently do not include our own damaged vessels—would indicate.

The public is still suffering from a paucity of information on the war in the Pacific. A stupid method of handling news, for which neither Elmer Davis nor the navy's efficient Office of Public Relations is responsible, has made our sea fighters look even worse than they are. Most of the popular praise for Midway and the Coral Sea, for example, mistakenly went to the not over-

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modest Army Air Corps. Representative Melvin Maas of Minnesota, ranking minority member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, and Hanson Baldwin of the New York *Times* both returned from the scene of action with devastating criticisms. Those of Baldwin concern overcaution, poor leadership, useless and extreme censorship, friction between the services, and division of command. Maas has stressed poor leadership and the release of false and misleading news. Both hit directly at our naval high command. Official reactions have done little to promote public confidence, but the criticisms have nevertheless been distinctly valuable. The navy has been learning from its critics, as well as by experience, and it has been correcting its mistakes. As a whole the record in the Pacific is at least fair, and the enemy has certainly been guilty of as many mistakes. The decisive battle is yet to be fought. The showdown has merely been postponed.

Church Control versus Birth Control

BY EUGENE L. BELISLE

Boston, November 21

IN JUNE of 1940 a reputable survey of public opinion showed that 82 per cent of the voters in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts favored legislation permitting doctors to furnish information on contraceptives to women whose health would be endangered by pregnancy. Seventy-two per cent of the state's Roman Catholic voters who were asked indicated that they would favor such a law. Yet on November 3 a statewide referendum on the subject resulted in a rejection of the measure by 58 per cent of the voters. As executive director of the Mothers' Health Committee, which conducted a vigorous campaign in behalf of the defeated measure, I was in an excellent position to see how almost half a million men and women were led to change their votes if not their minds.

The story begins in 1938, when an old Massachusetts blue law was construed by the state Supreme Court to make it a crime for a physician to prescribe contraceptives even to women who might die if they bore children. Several birth-control clinics were closed, and although it was still a relatively simple matter for a woman of average means to purchase contraceptives, it became exceedingly difficult for poorer married women to secure either advice or prescriptions. This circumstance soon led to a protest movement, and the protest just as quickly produced a violent reaction on the part of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church.

In 1941 an initiative petition bearing 45,000 signatures was submitted to the Legislature and promptly challenged by Frederick Mansfield, former mayor of Boston and now the registered legislative agent of William Cardinal O'Connell. The petition asked only that existing laws be amended so that they "shall not apply to treatment or prescriptions given to married persons for the protection of life and health by or under the direction of registered physicians. . . ." If this had become law, Massachusetts would still have had more rigid statutory restrictions on birth control than any other state except Connecticut. Mr. Mansfield, nevertheless, held that it was improperly before the Legislature, since the Constitution forbade the introduction by petition of "measures pertaining to religion, religious practices, and religious institutions." Asked for an opinion, the Supreme Court, three of whose seven members are Catholic, unanimously held that the legislation was "purely permissive" and "in the field of police power." No Catholic, in other words, would be required under the amended law to do anything not in keeping with his religious beliefs. The Cardinal's agent next held that the signatures were forged and fraudulent, but he was again rebuffed, and in January, 1942, the proposed amendment was offered to the voters. That was a signal for a campaign rarely surpassed in lies and distortion.

The tone of the opposition's campaign was set by the *Pilot*, official organ of the Boston archdiocese, which every week from late July until early November carried blazing editorials against the referendum. The gist of its attitude may be briefly conveyed: (1) birth control, it said, is not only against Catholic teaching but against "God's law" and should therefore be opposed by any Christian, irrespective of denomination; (2) the proposed amendment would permit the promiscuous distribution of contraceptives; (3) the measure constituted state interference with the rights of Catholics; (4) its sponsors had no morals, believed nothing they said.

The ultimate result of this constant hammering was that thousands of people voted No on November 3 because they actually believed that the referendum was intended to set up some form of state control over childbirth. A fantastic hysteria developed in many sections of the state. Some women believed that the proposed law would permit doctors to remove their ovaries against their will; that licenses would be required for childbearing; that doctors could forbid, and forcibly prevent, their having children.

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The Democratic State Committee, once more in the control of former Governor James Michael Curley, recently elected to Congress, took its cue from the *Pilot,* and many Republicans took their cue from the Democrats. Candidates in the primaries vied with each other in denouncing the measure. Roger Lowell Putnam, Democratic candidate for governor, made it his principal campaign issue. Fearful of the clamor, Governor Leverett Saltonstall also opposed adoption of the amendment, saying that a decision on the merits of the measure should be postponed "for the unity of the war effort." Opposition propaganda was distributed in front of the Washington Street headquarters of the Democratic State Committee in Boston. One of the leaflets handed out to noonday crowds was headed "The Church Says Vote NO on Birth Control, Dogs, and Horses," and explained that the dog- and horse-race gang "will finance the birth-control campaign and steal the election while the boys are away fighting." Parish priests rounded up unregistered voters, using lists turned over to them by machine politicians. A card mailed to unregistered voters and headed "Register to Vote No on the Birth-Control Referendum" illegally bore the seal of the State of Massachusetts.

On October 11 the Boston *Sunday Advertiser,* in one of its many special articles aimed at the amendment, unwisely revealed that "Jesuit priests have been especially insistent that the women of their congregations register. They have told their women parishioners that it is a moral duty for them to go to the polls and cast their votes against the birth-control amendment. Some have gone so far as to tell the women that it will be a mortal sin not to vote against the amendment." The Springfield *Union* reported on October 12 that "at Sacred Heart Church parishioners were told that Catholics had a moral obligation to vote against the referendum and that any Catholic who knowingly voted in favor of it could not expect absolution." A week before, Father Ruddy, of Sacred Heart Church, was quoted in the same paper as telling the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters that the principal leader (unnamed) of the birth-control movement was in the contraceptive business. On Sunday, October 11, it was reported by indignant Catholics that from the pulpit of St. Gregory's Church in Dorchester it had been stated that the campaign for the amendment was financed by commercial contraceptive interests and directed by them "from a shady hotel near the North Station." From St. Anthony's Church in Allston, according to reports from dissenting parishioners, came the suggestion that the campaign for the amendment was being financed and directed by Jews. Subway cards, billboards, and three-sheet posters in the subway stations proclaimed, "Birth Control Is Against God's Law—Vote NO."

Until late in the campaign not one major Boston radio station would sell time to the Mothers' Health Committee, even to answer attacks by politicians. The Boston *Post* and the Boston *Record-American-Advertiser* combination gave column after column to the most inconsequential speeches by opponents of the measure, but refused even to sell space to its supporters. The Boston *Globe* likewise refused to sell space, but in the last two weeks of the campaign it followed a policy of devoting equal news lineage to the rival camps. The Fall River *Herald News,* only English-language daily newspaper in a city of 115,000, refused to sell space to the Mothers' Health Committee and ran news items only in the last few days, after the committee had succeeded in making a series of one-minute announcements on the freedom of the press over Fall River's radio station WSAR. The *Herald News* printed whole sermons on the other side. Code complaints were filed against Station WNAC (Boston), which had sold politicians time used to attack the amendment while refusing to sell us time for the affirmative. The result was that six days before election we were permitted to have fifteen minutes in which to answer a half-hour free broadcast by the Catholic Question Box on the preceding Sunday. WNAC decided to sell time during the last four days of the campaign, and on Sunday night, November 1, station WEEI allotted fifteen minutes to each side.

Cardinal O'Connell

In the final days of the campaign the opposition ran riot. On Monday, October 26, the Boston *Daily Record* quoted Mr. Mansfield in reporting the planned distribution of 5,000,000 propaganda pieces through churches in Massachusetts. One of the folders stated, among other things: "Any person may sell, or give away, any article intended for self-abuse, or for causing abortion. . . . Any person may print or circulate cards or advertisements stating where such articles may be obtained." Another, printed in red and blue, with cherubic baby photographs for illustration, carried the following message:

> Fathers—Mothers—Voters. . . .
>
> Teaching birth prevention with the sale of contraceptives on the open counter of drugstores—department stores—the "5 and 10"—barber shops—beauty parlors—will encourage unlawful sex relations between boys and girls.
>
> Do you want this?
>
> Vote "No" on Question No. 1.

These cards were distributed within and in front of

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Roman Catholic churches on Sunday, November 1, two days before election. Boys and girls six and seven years old were seen handing them out within the doorways of the churches.

Small wonder, then, that the effort to bring social and medical sanity to Massachusetts was defeated by 691,000 to 505,000. The campaign will go on, and the Catholic hierarchy will find it much more difficult to have things its own way, even among Catholics. Toward the end of the campaign the *Catholic Messenger* asked for and ran paid advertising of the Mothers' Health Committee without a word of negative comment. Many members of the church privately expressed their shame at the conduct of the hierarchy. This Catholic opposition to political interference by heads of the church is likely to grow; if it does, it will go far to ease the anti-Catholic reaction which this campaign has stimulated throughout Massachusetts.

The Country That Moved

BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

FOUR months after the Nazis attacked the Soviets, Hitler complained that he never dreamed the Russians had such reserves of material. Again in six months he announced that Germany would direct its main effort against these "immense and incredible supplies of ammunition, tanks, and planes."

It is difficult to understand why he was so astounded. The phenomenal growth of industry in Russia was a well-recognized fact. The casual traveler looking out of the train window saw evidence of it. There were plenty of authenticated reports from specialists returning home after fulfilling contracts with the Soviets—among them many German engineers. And the Soviets, though they may not have told all about their industry, told a great deal.

In terms of capital investment, the *Gosplan* reported that during the First Five-Year Plan 51 billion rubles were invested; during the Second Five-Year Plan, 114 billion; during three years of the Third, 192 billion, making 357 billion in the aggregate, of which the lion's share went to industry.

As significant as the growth of industry is its distribution. To get some concept of this, instead of looking at figures, look at the map. Only it must be a new one. The old maps show the industrial centers in the extreme west—Leningrad, Moscow, and the Ukraine. Ninety per cent of all industry was concentrated in them, five hundred miles from the frontier. They had grown up in czarist days along with the railroads, close to pools of skilled labor, easy credit, and easy markets. The great hinterland of Russia was treated as a colony, a source of raw material and cheap labor.

The Soviets reversed this policy for three reasons: First, they sought to develop the backward regions and peoples at the expense, if need be, of the richer and more advanced centers. Only through the development of their own resources and the resulting benefits could the many peoples be welded together into one union. Second, they wished to locate industry as close as possible to the sources of raw material and cheap power. If cotton were grown in Uzbekistan, there it should be spun and not in Moscow. This meant that not only the new enterprise must be built, but at the same time new railroads and new cities and all the services required in such a drastic reorganization—very costly, but in the long run it would create a more rounded and less wasteful economy. Lastly, the location of industry should contribute to the defense of the country. The Soviets consciously planned for strong industrial bases on which to fall back in case of invasion, strategically located beyond the reach of bombing planes. They wanted to erect in the east duplicate plants of every essential industry, in case factories should be destroyed. They wanted all regions to develop local industries to provide for everyday needs and to be as self-sustaining as possible in case supplies should be cut off. In other words, they were aiming at "total defense."

Of all the new regions the Urals and western Siberia are the most important from an economic-military standpoint. The last time I talked with Lenin in the spring of 1918, he said: "Soon from west and south the White armies will be driving in on Moscow. But never mind. We have the big, rich Urals to fall back on. There we can hang on for a long, long time."

While the Whites, like the Nazis, almost reached the gates of Moscow, they never captured the city. So Lenin did not have to flee to the Urals. But in mind and feeling he was often there. Pointing out on the map the region lying between Vologda and Tomsk, he would say: "Look at it! An immense territory, half savage and in some places wholly savage. In that now wasted wilderness a score of civilized states could be built up."

It was more than a decade before this vision began to take form and shape. It began in earnest around the twin-peaked Magnet Mountain that rises out of the barren plain near the frontier of Asia and Europe. This was discovered when a traveler noticed that the needle

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of his compass, instead of pointing north, pointed to this mountain. It was an almost solid mass of magnetite —60 per cent pure iron.

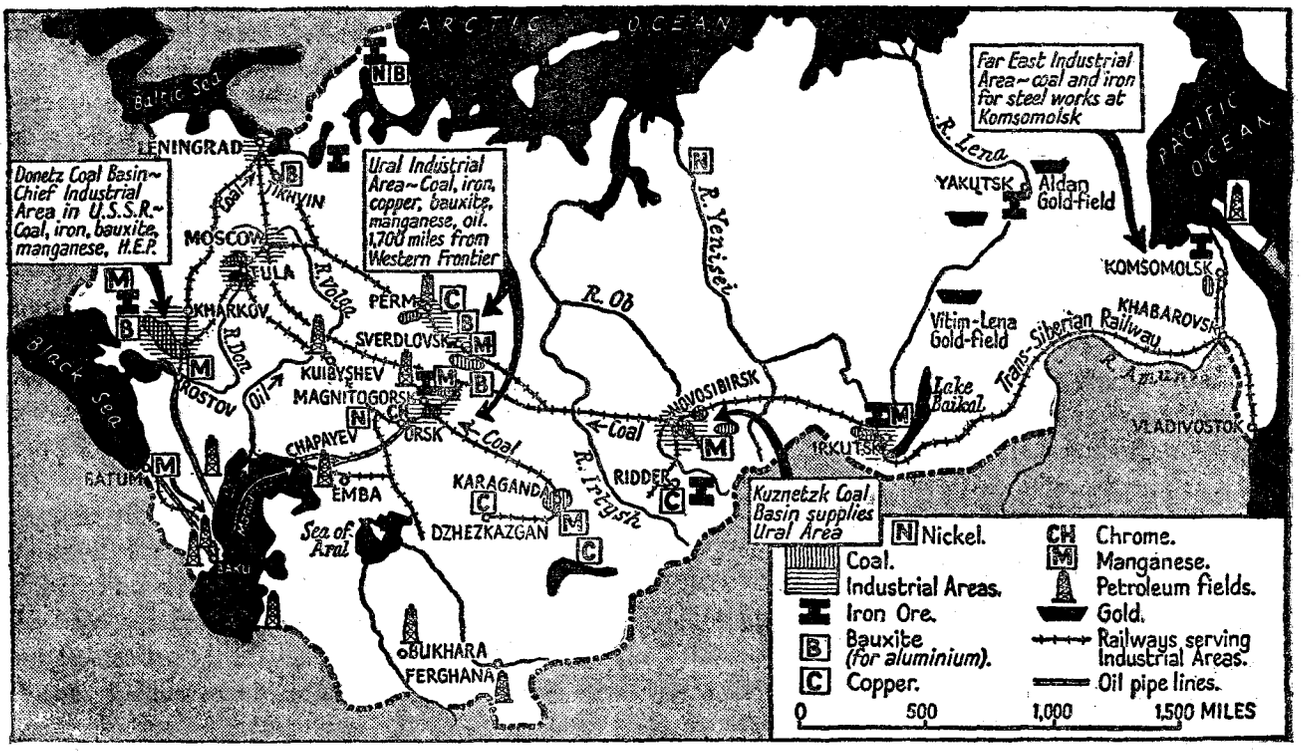
In 1928 armies of workers with dynamite, bulldozers, steam shovels, and dredges moved in on the place. They were joined by exiled kulaks, Kirghiz nomads from the steppes, engineers from America. Hills were rent asunder, rivers turned from their course; caravans of camels, oxen, and tractors struggled through mud and dust storms. Buildings, hurriedly thrown up at the wrong place, were torn down, to be erected again. Concrete froze as it was poured. Typhus and malaria swept through the flimsy shacks and dugouts of the workers. Agents of the secret police watched out for spies and wreckers. Engineers, cursing and toiling like mad, hurried by plane to Moscow to get relief from red tape and delays. Everywhere—noise, dirt, stenches, confusion.

But steadily out of seeming chaos emerged the outlines of the huge metallurgical combine. Blast furnaces now light up the long winter night and stain the snowfields with their fumes. The howls of wolves are drowned by the roar of rolling mills. Long trains of ore-laden cars rumble off to the Kuzbas and Karaganda, bringing back coal to smelt the iron of Magnitogorsk. Out of the river, dammed into a five-mile lake, the water pours to cool the masses of molten metal. On the once barren, windswept plain now stands this Soviet Gary with its huge steel mills covering twenty-seven square miles. It turns out half as much steel as all Russia did under the czars. Constantly expanding, it is slated to become the biggest in the world, with an annual output of 4,000,000 tons of coke, 4,500,000 tons of iron, and 5,000,000 tons of steel.

This is what the Soviets call the "bread of industry," the raw material for cannon, tanks, armored trains in the present; for bridges, rails, radios, and telephones in the future—"the wings of steel by which we lift ourselves to the sun." Magnitogorsk is but one of a hundred new enterprises established in this mid-continent—based not only on metals, coal, and oil but on the virgin forests, the fisheries of the big Siberian rivers, the rolling wheat and cattle-grazing lands of the steppes. They form here a second Soviet state, self-sufficient and as large as Western Europe. On its western fringe the city of Sverdlovsk, where the Czar was executed, is now the center for the making of machines, turbines, and submarines in shops three miles long. Two thousand miles to the east is Novosibirsk, the Chicago of this new West, a second "Stacker-of-Wheat, Hog-Butcher, Forger-of-Metals for the World."

Between these two cities, each with about a half-million inhabitants, are scores of others growing up out of small towns and villages, or straight out of the wilderness, around the coal of Kizel, the oil of Ishimbayev, the potash of Solikamsk, at Kurgan, Chusovaya, Kirovgrad.

The story of this great venture has been told in scores of novels, plays, and epic poems by Soviet writers. Now they have a bigger, more exciting, and more heroic story to tell. For what happened in this region in the ten years



From "An Atlas of the U. S. S. R." by Jasper H. Stembridge. (Oxford University Press)

INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF THE U. S. S. R.

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prior to the outbreak of war in June, 1941, is quite dwarfed and overshadowed by what happened here in the ten months following.

On July 3, eleven days after the Nazi invasion, in his celebrated "scorched-earth" speech, Stalin declared: "To the enemy must not be left a single engine, a single railway car, a single pound of grain or gallon of fuel." That meant the evacuation of rolling stock, cattle, grain—everything usually deemed movable—and the dynamiting of mills and factories. That is what people in the outside world thought. And that is what the Soviets intended them—especially the Germans—to think. Only in October, 1941, when the economic experts came to the Three-Power Conference in Moscow was the full intent of Stalin's speech revealed.

The visitors found that scores of plants in the Nazi-occupied regions, instead of being blown up, had been uprooted from their foundations, loaded on trains, and, along with their workers, shipped a thousand miles or more into the east, where they were in full operation. While the Red Army slowly retreated before the advancing Nazis, keeping its forces intact, the industrial army of the nation, with the same skill, made a parallel retreat, keeping its forces and equipment intact. Night and day the trains moved east, laden with the turbines of the Dnieper dam, the stamp mills, the forges and presses of Kerch, the textile looms of Mozhaisk.

For the evacuation of a single plant, the Kirov Works on the Neva, thousands of cars were required. An armament works like Krupp or Skoda, it covered 400 acres, with 40,000 employees, 9 rolling mills, 15 open hearths and electric steel furnaces, 310 forges, 420 heating furnaces, 3,500 metal-working lathes. Most of this was loaded directly upon long strings of flat cars backed into the shops and some days later was unloaded at its new home in the Urals.

The same feat was repeated with the giant tractor works of Kharkov, the farm-implement plants of Rostov, the aircraft factories of Moscow and Taganrog. Along with the giant plants from the big centers were evacuated hundreds of others from smaller cities and towns. And accompanying them on the long trek to the east went millions of workers with their families, engineers and directors, technical schools with teachers and apprentices. The speed of their removal was equaled by the speed with which they were put into action again. A few months, sometimes a few weeks, after they arrived in their new homes, their output was as high as in their original locations and in many cases actually higher than it had been before.

To grasp the scope and significance of this unique exodus, transfer the scene to America. Imagine Nazi armies, already in control of the Atlantic seaboard, steadily pushing into our industrial Middle West. To all centers is given the signal to move. Dismantle most of the big factories along the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, the plants of the Fisher Body in Cleveland, Wright Engine in Cincinnati, Martin Aircraft in Baltimore, the steel works of Pittsburgh and Youngstown. Add to them some hundreds of enterprises producing chemicals, rubber, textiles, shoes. Assemble the plant personnel—engineers, technicians, and workers—together with their families. Load all these people and plants upon trains—for in Russia motor trucks are scarce and good roads scarcer. Then, over the same railway lines on which two million soldiers with guns and munitions are moving east, ship this huge aggregation of machinery and men into states as far west as Colorado and Kansas. Set up the enterprises anew, adjusting them to existing supplies of water, fuel, and power or finding new ones. Then, when most of the able-bodied men have been drafted into the army and half the women are toiling in the fields, get them going full blast, and in a short time run their output up to their former level or beyond.

No wonder that the evacuation of Soviet industry was hailed abroad as stupendous, almost incredible. Hard put to explain it, commentators said that Russians are always doing strange, inexplicable, mysterious things, and this was just one more of them. Without doubt it was a remarkable feat. A little investigation, however, reveals nothing very mysterious or incredible about it.

The flight to the east was not an improvisation, a sudden, last-minute, desperate measure. It was carefully planned and prepared for long years in advance—in many cases down to the last detail. For example, machines, lathes, and forges, instead of being imbedded in concrete, were bolted on to timbers. When the time came, they did not have to be torn away but simply unbolted and lifted from their bases. Similar ingenious devices facilitated their reestablishment in their new homes. In some cases they had simply to be set up in new buildings awaiting them—the so-called "shadow plants," complete in everything but the machinery. When the machines from the old plants arrived at their destination, they were lifted from the cars and set on the foundations prepared for them. In many cases they actually worked better than in their old homes, thanks to better planning of new shops, the rationalization of processes, the introduction of later models.

If there was a duplicate factory, the area of the "double" in the Urals was expanded, and the two enterprises were merged into a single big unit. Other factories, like orphans, came to their journey's end with no place to shelter them. Often in the trains that brought them were flat cars with building materials and lumber. With these, and the stone, lime, and fire clay that abound in the Urals, a new structure was soon under way. Meanwhile, on the chosen site, the machines were

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often set up in the open air, and while belts whirred, forges blazed, trip hammers pounded, on either side rose the walls and roof that would protect them from the autumn rains and winter snow.

And they rose quickly, in as many days or weeks as months were needed in time of peace. In construction, as in most other fields, all previous records were broken, thanks to the mobilization of the best brains and energies available for this resettlement of industry in the east. The ablest engineers, architects, and draftsmen in the country, among them Iofan, designer of the Palace of the Soviets, contributed their best efforts; as did the leading geologists and scientists for locating new resources, headed by the academician Fersman, and the veteran transport workers, directed by Kaganovich. The railroads were compelled to double and triple the already dense traffic.

In the coordination of all these forces, spurred on to the utmost endeavor by the urgency of the situation, and in their application to very carefully thought-out plans lies the explanation of the success of the evacuation. But this, of course, does not explain it away. It remains a stupendous national achievement—to the United Nations a cause of marvel and rejoicing, to Hitler a source of bitter disappointment.

In Hitler's plans these Soviet mills, factories, and arsenals, as in France, were slated to be a part of the war economy of the Reich. But just as they came within his grasp, either they blew up like the Dnieper Dam or they slipped through his fingers. Before the Nazis advancing across the land, one by one like gigantic grasshoppers they leaped up and took flight a thousand miles into the east. From this safe vantage ground they at once set to work again, turning out projectiles, planes and tanks—how much no outsider exactly knows.

Before the war this new industrial region in the Urals and beyond accounted for about a sixth of the Soviet output, a fourth of its coal and iron. Now, augmented by the arrival of these evacuated plants, its output probably amounts to a third, a half, or even more. One thing, however, is certain. The new plants and workers will for the most part never return to their former homes in the west. Added to the old enterprises, these new centers and hundreds of others in the making, constitute a solid base for that great civilized state which Lenin in his vision of twenty-five years ago, saw rising in this hinterland.

A mighty factor in the war, it will be equally powerful in the years following. In the event of a bad peace, it will continue to function as a colossal arsenal, backing the Soviets in the game of power politics. If the peace is a good one, bringing security to all nations, this new industrial empire will be a vital factor in building up a good life, not only in the Soviets but in all the lands of the East.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The "New Poor"

A NEWLY arrived English friend said to me the other day: "You simply cannot conceive the contrast between the ease and comfort and color of life here and the inconvenience and drabness of life in London. Everything there is shabby and run-down. We get enough to eat, it is true, but the diet is monotonous in the extreme, and our houses are colder even than *we* like. Most of us cannot afford modest comforts, let alone luxuries, and if we could we would probably be unable to buy what we wanted. Traveling is a nightmare of discomfort. And after the completeness of our blackout, New York in the dim-out looks positively radiant."

It was just after this talk that I sat down to read a series of articles on the tribulations of the "new poor" which have been appearing in the *Wall Street Journal*, and perhaps my mood was less sympathetic than it should have been. At any rate, I was able to restrain my tears while considering the cruel problem of "Mr. R," a Middle Western executive who cannot figure out how to make ends meet next year when his income will be considerably stunted by the $25,000 salary ceiling. As president of a big corporation, Mr. R has been receiving a salary of $95,000 and in addition an unspecified amount in dividends, but as he explained to the writer of the article, this wasn't so much, in view of the expenses involved. His position requires that he maintain a "front," including an imposing home where he can entertain lavishly and "several high-priced automobiles."

If, as one has been led to believe, there is only one "front" which it is essential to maintain in war time, it would seem that Mr. R can easily reduce the strain on his pocket-book, his digestion, and his country's supply of man-power by cutting out business entertaining for the duration. Probably his company is solely or largely engaged in filling government contracts, and lavish hospitality to government procurement officers is, or ought to be, unnecessary. But even if his business is confined to civilian goods, he must be enjoying a sellers' market which should obviate the need for reducing prospective customers to a state of alcoholic receptivity.

Mr. A, another example of the "new poor" (1941 salary, $100,000 plus), finds in fact that the simple life is being forced upon him by the fuel-oil shortage and the difficulty of retaining domestic help. So he and his wife are going to squeeze into a wing of his large Detroit home and hope to keep "two or three servants insulated from the siren song of the war factories." By means of such economies and with the aid of a substantial income

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from investments, Mr. A hopes he can worry along.

I have an idea that should these tales of woe reach the ears of Messrs. R and A's opposite numbers in Britain, they would not inspire much sympathy. There is no ceiling on salaries in Britain, but a more steeply graduated system of taxation than our own has left only a handful of persons with an income exceeding $25,000. Here a man with an income of $67,000 has $25,000 left after paying taxes; there a gross income of $400,000 shrinks to $23,000 after the Exchequer has received its cut. Most country houses in England have been handed over to the government for the duration for use as evacuation centers, hospitals, barracks, and so on. And the domestic servant, once far more often a feature of the English than of the American home, is almost an extinct species.

It would seem, therefore, that our better-paid executives are not being asked to accept an exceptionally austere war-time standard. On the other hand, the $25,000 salary ceiling is certainly open to criticism, primarily on the ground that it discriminates unfairly between earned and unearned incomes. The distinction between these two categories in the upper ranks of the business world is of course sometimes obscure, but this fact will increase the inequity by providing a loophole for executives who also own the whole or a large share of their business. They will be able to cut their salaries and make up the difference in dividends.

According to the *Wall Street Journal,* the storm of protests that the ceiling scheme has aroused is due to the widespread suspicion that it is intended as a permanent social reform. If, it suggests, the same objective had been approached by way of increased surtaxes, there would have been no such outburst of disapproval. As to this, remembering the attitude of the *Wall Street Journal* toward higher taxes for the upper brackets, I keep my fingers crossed, but I hope Congress will take the tip and by employing taxation to limit all net incomes to $25,000 will remove the occasion for a ceiling on salaries.

It is perfectly true that such a measure would not yield an impressive amount of new revenue in relation to total war expenditures. Nevertheless, in a period when the whole national scale of living is in process of being radically reduced, we must cut the superfluities of the few before we bear too hard on the necessities of the many. Any other course would have a shattering effect on morale. Those swollen pay envelopes we hear so much about mean in many cases that a very modest standard of comfort has replaced bare subsistence. And not always that, for too many war workers are discovering that even good wages cannot buy decent housing for their families.

Taxes are beginning to weigh heavily on the wage-earners in the low brackets, and the burden will have to be increased further. They will take it, but only if they are assured that their bosses are making at least faintly equivalent sacrifices.

In the Wind

UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO a writer who called himself Paul Toal was working at the German desk of the New York branch of the Office of War Information. His real name is Paul von Lillienfeld-Toal, and in 1934 he admitted before the McCormick-Dickstein committee that he was the liaison between William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts and the National Socialist Party in Germany. His past came to light last month, and he was dropped from the pay roll.

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT at the O. W. I. is a teletype service which will answer Nazi lies and distortions as soon as they come over the short-wave. Hitherto the German stories have appeared in the newspapers pretty much as they were received, though attributed of course to Axis propaganda sources. From now on, however, they will be analyzed by O. W. I. experts a few minutes after they appear, and comments will be immediately teletyped to the press services.

FRED C. KELLY, the father of the gossip column, has founded the League to Enforce Monkey Business on the Radio. As Acting Temporary Emergency Secretary of the League, he has dispatched hundreds of postcards urging radio listeners "to compel news announcers to quit calling New York "New York" and to refer to it as "our nation's metropolis." They never call Washington anything but "our nation's capital," says Mr. Kelly, or the President anything but "the Chief Executive."

AIR-RAID WARDENS are being unionized in Great Britain. Full-time A. R. P. workers have already received two pay raises, won through the intervention of the Trades Union Congress.

A MAKE-UP MAN'S FANTASY is page 14 of *PM's* Sunday Picture News for November 15. Column One, under the head "Good Writing," is a condensation of a solemn and eloquent letter by Dr. Edouard Heimann, which first appeared in this magazine, to the effect that only "under God" can "this nation . . . have a new birth of freedom." The rest of the page is devoted to a lush full-length portrait of Dorothy Bigby, showgirl of the "Star and Garter" cast, clad only in brassière and bespangled G-string.

"HELL LOCATED" is the title of a series of lectures now being delivered throughout the country by Robert L. Boothby, an itinerant evangelist. In an advertisement in the Washington *Star* Mr. Boothby promises to tell "just where hell is; how many are in hell now; whether hell will ever burn out; whether the fire burns the meanness out of people, or if they go on burning forever; whether it can be seen through a telescope."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Sidelights on North Africa

Goebbels in a Jam

FOR the guardians of German morale the invasion of Africa brought on the worst crisis they have yet been through. Not only was it evidence that the enemy too was capable of waging a Blitzkrieg, hitherto considered a German monopoly, but it demolished with one stroke the propaganda "line" that had been followed for the past several months.

Ever since the deadlock in Russia confidence in victory had been distilled out of the shipping situation. The argument ran as follows: The overseas powers can do nothing to us because they have lost so many ships and are losing more every day. Even if a real army should be built up in America, which is not likely, it could not possibly be brought over to Europe. On the European continent we have everything we need, and not one of our enemies is capable of an offensive. Lack of ships prevents any attack on us from overseas.

There we find the defensive theory of victory of the last few months in a nutshell.

With the appearance of a great American army in Africa the whole theory collapsed. Here was clear proof that the enemy had enough ships to transport a large force across the ocean. During several days the confusion of the Berlin morale strategists was complete.

For the first two days they attempted to belittle the whole affair. North Africa, they said, is a distant waste land which does not concern Germany. That the Anglo-Saxon powers were not ashamed to seize the territory of their former ally, in violation of all law, shows their maniacal greed, their "imperialism." Roosevelt was referred to with especial venom as the "scamp" (*Strolch*) or "scamp-in-chief" (*Oberstrolch*).

On the third day this line was abandoned. "We must revise our judgment," said the radio voice. From then on it was no longer a question of a trifling hold-up and robbery on the periphery of Germany's interest. With a bold leap the propaganda heads again sought comfort in the tonnage stringency. The overseas powers had pounced on Africa in a mad attempt to make the Mediterranean safe for their shipping. For they were so desperately short of tonnage that they could no longer use the route around the Cape of Good Hope. That took too long. The strangle-hold of the German U-boats had forced them to make a convulsive effort to open up a shorter route which could be served with fewer ships. Thus an act of the Allies which proved that they had enough ships to transport an army was twisted into proof that their lack of ships was catastrophic. "It shows to what a pass in respect to shipping England and America have been reduced," exulted the star radio commentator Hans Fritsche.

But the public could not swallow this absurd inconsistency; and on the fifth day the subject of shipping was dropped and a new idea introduced. The undertaking in Africa, it was now said, was the overture to an intended invasion of southern France. The walls of the "European fortress" which Hitler had constructed had "one weak point—southern France." The French, "poorly armed and politically and psychologically backward," could not offer an adequate defense. Therein lay the last chance of the Anglo-Saxons. At Marseilles and Toulon and Nice they hoped to breach the fortress. But they had laid their plans in vain. The Führer "made a lightning decision to defend Europe." With a "magnificent gesture of European solidarity," he came to France's rescue, sent his divisions to its southern coast, and saved it from assault. And thus the last weak spot in the ring of armor around the Continent was made strong. "Now Europe has become an absolutely impregnable fortress. Indeed, through this development good has come out of that scamp Roosevelt's evil purpose."

After three false starts, this was the aspect in which events in Africa were finally presented to the German people. Africa, namely, is a matter of indifference to Germany. We Germans are interested only in Europe, the fortress of Europe. The enemy tried to break in through the last remaining gap in its walls but was repulsed with great loss. The fortress stands more impregnable than ever.

After five days of confusion the general staff on morale had fallen back on what was perhaps the best position it could have chosen, though the allusion to European solidarity could have deceived no one. Most Germans learned long ago from their relatives in the army, if not from other sources, how much solidarity the conquered nations feel. But that is a side issue. The central question for Germans is: Can the European fortress be breached? After the African performance uncertainty on this point must have increased sharply. Germans are not children in military matters. They understand perfectly that it makes quite a difference whether the American military machine is 3,500 miles from the edge of Europe or suddenly only 400 miles away.

The minority which wants an invasion has had its

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hopes strengthened, but we must not imagine that this minority is anything but very small. In contrast to the Italians, most of whom, it is thought, would welcome invasion, the majority of Germans have their hearts set on victory. The slogan of Europe's invincibility is in harmony with their desires and will therefore be believed, in spite of undercurrents of doubt, for some time yet. Probably until it is disproved by deeds and events.

ARGUS

Martinique and Vichy

IN ADDITION to the authority given to Admiral Darlan by our representatives in North Africa, we have in our own back yard another hangover of the old Vichy appeasement policy. The radio transmitters on the islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe continue to spew forth their pro-Axis poison, not only to the French Antilles, French Guiana, and Frenchmen on the American continent, but also to Haiti.

For half a year the State and Navy departments have been carrying on mysterious negotiations with Admiral Georges Robert, Governor General of the French Antilles and Guiana. (This pro-Pétain stalwart has in his possession half a dozen warships, a naval base, a hundred fighting planes, and a quarter-billion dollars in gold, cached there when France fell.) The invasion of North Africa and the ending of relations with Vichy might have been expected to put a stop to such by-play. But on November 9 Secretary Hull said that the North African campaign did not change the status of French possessions in this hemisphere.

Now, our policy toward the French Antilles is said by the State Department to depend on the "effectiveness with which the [local French] authorities endeavor to protect their territories from domination and control by the enemy." Therefore the reaction of Admiral Robert's radio transmitters to the North African campaign is significant. A fragment of the record follows, as monitored by the Federal Communications Commission:

On November 11 Admiral Robert responded to Secretary Hull's assurances by saying over the Martinique radio, "No matter what course events take, the Marshal is still our leader—the symbol of French unity and faith in the destiny of the nation. . . ." On November 12 these amazing statements appeared in a gloomy broadcast of the Martinique Central Information Bureau, the official voice of Admiral Robert's government: "Neither France nor her empire will be returned to us. . . . France has been invaded by Germans, our colonies by the British and Americans. . . . Foreigners have taken everything. All of them flood us with promises of restitution. All of them promise to defend us. All of them love us." The broadcast continued along the Nazi-Pétain line of self-flagellation: "We believed in reconstruction. But you cannot reconstruct what is rotten. . . . Twenty years of politics deteriorated the French soul. . . . We chose the way of collapse. . . . Today there is no France, there is no empire, soon there will be no Frenchmen."

But the Martinique radio went even farther as the North African offensive developed. On November 12 it broadcast an "announcement to the crews and officers of the merchant vessels now on the high seas or in the Mediterranean: 'Turn back immediately to a French port in the Mediterranean or in Corsica. London is inviting you to commit treason. Do not let yourself be deceived. Your duty is clear. Marshal Pétain demands that you return to French ports and continue to serve France.'" On November 16 both the Martinique and Guadeloupe radios transmitted in full Pétain's declaration forbidding General Giraud to act in his name. Coming from Vichy, these messages might have been blamed on the Germans who have taken over that radio; in Martinique Admiral Robert must bear full responsibility.

Spain's "Neutrality"

IT SEEMS to be the unanimous conclusion of various press services and unidentified "reliable European sources" that Generalissimo Francisco Franco has suddenly veered toward neutrality since the occupation of French North Africa. But the evidence from European short- and medium-wave broadcasts in the first week of the campaign points in exactly the opposite direction.

The broadcasts, as made available by the Office of War Information, show two things clearly: first, that the Axis is putting pressure on Spain, possibly to assure its cooperation in any counter-attack which the Nazis may decide to make by way of Spain and Spanish Morocco; second, that Spanish domestic propaganda, scrupulously neutral during the first three days of the occupation, swung back toward the Axis line when German troops took up stations along the entire Pyrenees frontier.

Direct Nazi radio pressure on Spain has consisted largely of propaganda to turn the people against the United Nations. There have also been implied promises that Spanish ambitions to annex French Morocco and Algeria might best be realized by collaboration with the Nazis. Indirect pressure has been exerted in broadcasts to other nations designed to swing United Nations opinion away from Franco. Berlin Transocean reported in English Morse code, for use in American and British papers, as early as November 8 that there was great tension in Spain and that the "war undoubtedly is closer now to Spain." The Nazis told France the next day that "Spanish public opinion in general feels that the Anglo-American guaranty . . . is an insufficient safeguard of Spanish national independence." A whole barrage of items came over the Axis radio from Berlin to Tokyo telling of military preparations in Tangier and Spanish

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Morocco and of conferences between Franco and his Cabinet and Portuguese, Vichy, and Spanish Moroccan officials.

Spain's first radio reaction to the Allied offensive was to give favorable publicity to the American and British notes to Franco. Late on November 10, however, a Phalangist broadcast from Valladolid on a domestic network said: "Never in the whole course of the war has there been such an extraordinary example of cold calculation. . . . The Axis General Staff, as always, has its plans scrupulously worked out, and at the right time Roosevelt will learn the answer of Europe's defenders."

Mihailovich and the Partisans

BY RALPH BATES

THE fact that the Yugoslavs were the first to revolt and are still the only people among the so-called conquered nations to wage organized war against the Axis makes recent events in that country doubly tragic. Fighting has broken out between the two main sections of the movement of liberation, with the result that not only has Yugoslav liberty been placed in dire peril, but Axis troops, thereby disengaged, have been released for the Russian front. Though the problem is primarily one for the Yugoslav people, it is not exclusively theirs. The United Nations have before them the lesson of Spain, through whose defeat—largely due to the negligence of world democracy—the entire democratic world suffered disaster.

That minor difficulties had arisen between the partisan battalions and the regular forces organized around General Mihailovich, we knew as long ago as March of this year, but it was not until July, when the controversy between the two wings was aired in the press, that we learned how grave the matter had become. On July 18 it was reported from Ankara that General Mihailovich had launched a campaign against "Communist" partisans accused of banditry and pillage in reconquered territories. A few days later it was announced that the General had previously made inquiries in Moscow and, having been assured of the Soviet government's lack of interest had begun to repress the "criminal" bands. Mihailovich was specifically named as the authority exercising repression. It should be pointed out, however, that had the partisans been mere criminals, or had they been acting in defiance of law, General Mihailovich would hardly have needed to consult Moscow. The inference is clear. The partisans were not criminals, and a political principle was involved.

Almost simultaneously we learned from an Istanbul cable transmitted by Inter-Continent News and published in the New York *Daily Worker* that a small conference of Yugoslav patriots, meeting in Istanbul, had accused Mihailovich of treasonable collaboration with the Axis. From other sources it was learned that Mihailovich troops had not only attacked partisan battalions but had carried out reprisals against the villages and valleys that provided the peasant volunteers with their bases. Incidentally, it should be said that the fact that Inter-Continent News and the *Daily Worker* are the sources of this report may be taken as proof that Moscow is very far from being uninterested in the fate of the partisans but does not wish to make a diplomatic issue of the matter.

General Draja Mihailovich

Pertinax, the French commentator, next took up the matter, declaring in the New York *Times* (July 31) that Mihailovich objects to "roving bands of Communists" because they and he do not see eye to eye about the use of sabotage in anti-Axis warfare. A few days later the well-informed and discreet London correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* said that while the partisans are not Communists, "they are certainly left wingers." Four days later the New York *Times* correspondent in Ankara, Ray Brock, in an extremely misleading cable, reported that Mihailovich had driven the "Communist partisans" out of Montenegro. At the same time, staggering those who had been following events closely, he credited the General with the bitter anti-Axis campaigns which the partisans were waging.

That a quite considerable civil war was going on became clearly apparent when the New York *Times* (October 5) published another Ankara cable denouncing the *Daily Worker's* charge—originally made by the Istanbul conference—as false and preposterous propaganda "aimed at creating disunity among the fighting Yugoslavs." Mihailovich, the dispatch asserted, at the

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DARLANISM

A Balkan minister to Vichy who used to boast at Geneva of his liberal ideas and his passion for collective security was asked some six months ago how he could justify his support of Hitler. He answered: "If I am against Hitler and he wins, I will be shot. If I am for Hitler and he loses, there will be time enough to come over to the other side. I will be accepted. I have nothing to lose by being for Hitler."

head of 160,000 men and women, had been waging a six months' battle "against 30,000 partisans, whose ranks include scores of criminals, renegades, bandits, and dissident Croats and Moslems."

By October 9 we see a new slant given to the anti-partisan propaganda. According to a Washington story appearing in the New York *Times*, it is no longer Mihailovich who is repressing the "Communists" but the people themselves, who in "spontaneous uprising" have killed "thousands of partisans." Evidently the General, the official servant of a government in formal relations with Soviet Russia, cannot be allowed to take the responsibility. No issue is said to be involved between the Yugoslav government and the Soviet Union. But Moscow now begins to defend the partisans by issuing news releases, picked up from the partisan-controlled Free Yugoslavia radio, about their anti-Axis activities.

The discerning eye will perceive the main outline of the problem in these confused reports. What is going on in Yugoslavia is a struggle for political power within the recreated nation. That struggle was initiated by General Mihailovich, who for some months has done little fighting against the Axis. The General's apparent intention, and the royal government's, is to preserve as large an army as possible in order to control the country when the Axis has been finally overthrown by the major forces of democracy. The natural result of the General's inactivity is that his forces, which at their peak numbered perhaps 120,000, have already begun to dwindle, large numbers of them—the "renegades" of the October 5 cable—having transferred themselves to the vigorously combatant partisans. As for another charge that has been made against the partisans, it is certainly true that a few of them are not Yugoslavs. This, surely, is one of their greatest glories, that men of conquered lands—Hungary, Rumania, Greece, and Czecho-Slovakia—hungering for vengeance and liberty, should have made their way to the village committees which organize the partisan battalions and there have found arms and comrades-in-arms.

But while Mihailovich is far from blameless, the charge that he acts in calculated collusion with Nedic, the Serbian Quisling, is certainly unfounded. Many Yugoslavs to whom cooperation with the Communists seems perfectly natural resent this attack upon a man who, however great his political folly, was the first to rise up against the enemy. The report arose when Nedic and Mihailovich forces made simultaneous, though wholly separated, moves against the partisans.

Liberal supporters of the Yugoslav cause here and in Britain are of the opinion that one of the root causes of this strife is the political ignorance and inexperience of the General, who is a soldier, not a statesman. That may be so, but it is impossible to overlook the fact that the royal government-in-exile is in no sense a representative body, but consists largely of court nominees, military men, clericals, bureaucrats, individuals of the privileged classes, and old-time politicians of various nationalist schools. Though some of these conservatives are sincere patriots, the royal government has failed to show any understanding of the revolutionary nature of the war. And since an inactive front is a decomposing front, another cause of the civil strife is the United Nations' early failure to provide Mihailovich with arms.

That Communists play an important part is agreed by competent sources. Their numbers are not great, but their vigor and discipline and in many cases their special experience have given them considerable influence. They have also served as a useful coordinating element in a land where the great diversity of parties and regionalist sentiment make good liaison very necessary. But it cannot be too strongly insisted that the presence of Communists in the partisan movement is not the real issue. The issue is the demand for a democratic administration made by a large section of the Yugoslav people-in-arms, a demand which is resented by the far-off royal government and its chief representative in Yugoslavia. On the other hand, the dropping of such demands would not remedy the situation. One fears that the royal government regrets the very existence of the peasant militias. But these forces are absolutely necessary if the fight against the Axis is to be waged in its fullest intensity.

There always remains the fact of pan-Slavism, with its deepening political significance. After patriotism it is the most powerful sentiment in Yugoslavia, but it is more or less frowned upon by the royal government, principally because of the social structure of the Soviet Union, but also because its growth might limit or qualify Yugoslav foreign policy in the post-war period. On the other hand, the Kremlin has been making pan-Slavist propaganda for a long time now, with the probable intention of organizing a Russian-Balkan "defensive bloc" after the war. But even if one finds Moscow's plans unacceptable, it is manifestly absurd to circumvent the danger by tactics like those of Mihailovich, which play directly into Axis hands. Reconstruction of the Yugoslav government-in-exile is long overdue. A firm recommendation from Washington would do much to persuade it to reform itself.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ON REREADING THE MODERN CLASSICS

BY JUSTIN O'BRIEN

IT HAS been said that the classics of only yesterday do not bear rereading, that the reprint editions are designed for the very young or for those otherwise prevented from reading the "masterpieces" of twenty years ago when they appeared. But of three such books I have recently reread, two stood the test; if that is an average, it is not a bad one. Probably it is quite fortuitous that those two books were French novels, André Gide's "Counterfeiters" and Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past." The other was "Point Counter Point" by Aldous Huxley.

This is neither the moment nor the place to attempt to revaluate Proust's work. For years it has suffered from the shortsighted attacks of the socially conscious critics, blinded by its almost exclusive preoccupation with aristocratic society to the bitterly ironic view it takes of that society.

Proust revisited still charms: his vision of the world is still new, and Combray and Paris and Balbec live in even fuller detail than on the first reading. The poet who sees and creates by metaphor becomes more apparent, as does the classic observer of men's foibles, and when I was not admiring the universality of the maxims and reflections in the manner of La Rochefoucauld I found myself pausing on almost every page to savor the beauty and variety of the imagery. Time only helps the Baudelaire and the La Bruyère in Proust to emerge.

Gide claims that he writes to be reread, hoping to win his case on appeal. What stupid things we have all said of him on a single reading! No one should ever talk about Gide—in print at any rate—without having read all of his major works at least twice. "The Counterfeiters" bears a third and fourth reading even better than it does a second. The ideal is to approach it afresh after a lapse of a few years, with the action still fairly clear in one's mind and the characters still answering to their names. Then the multiplicity of plots and the corresponding abundance of characters—*à la* Dostoevski—cease to be elements of confusion, and one can fully appreciate the art of the novelist. Then only does one see, in spite of Gide's explicit desire never to take advantage in one chapter of the impetus carried over from the preceding chapter, the subtle balance of chapter against chapter and incident against incident. One comes to understand the role of such characters as La Pérouse, Armand, Sarah—half-effaced by their more dazzling neighbors. And finally, through the confusion caused by the initial critics back in 1926 who disagreed as to the primary subject of the novel, Gide's purpose becomes clear. "The Counterfeiters" gives, first of all, a picture of the struggle between the generations: this is the reason for the introduction of little Gontran de Passavant, of the many members of the Vedel family, and of the old musician's misunderstandings with his son and grandson. This is why Edouard, who belongs by age to one generation and by temperament to the next, stands at the center of the action. But "The Counterfeiters" is also the story of a novel's creation in its author's mind, the very novel we are reading, in fact. And since the one subject is a story of flux—the decaying of one generation and the growing up of another—what is more appropriate than that the novel itself should be in a state of becoming? Beneath this double subject lies the conflict between reality and its representation, its counterfeit, both in social life and in art.

For full enjoyment—let it be said at the risk of making Gide appear discouragingly difficult and thus incurring the just rebuke which Joseph Wood Krutch addressed in these pages to modern criticism—the rereader of "The Counterfeiters" should also read both the little daybook kept by Gide during the composition of the novel and certain pages of Gide's own diary of the last fifty years, both as yet untranslated. Those supplementary texts will greatly enlighten him as to the novelist's problems and will correct any false impressions he may have formed from identifying Edouard too closely with Gide. In the diary, for instance, he will find under the date of August, 1893—Gide was then not quite twenty-four—this significant note:

> I wanted to suggest in the "Tentative amoureuse" the influence of the book on the one who is writing it, and during that very writing. . . . In a work of art I like to find, transposed into the scale of the characters, the very subject of that work. Nothing throws a better light upon the work or more solidly establishes the proportions of the whole. For example, in certain paintings by Memling or Quentin Metsys a little mirror reflects the interior of the room in which the painted scene is taking place. Likewise in Velasquez's painting of the Meniñes—but somewhat differently. And in literature, the dumb show in "Hamlet" and in many other plays. In "Wilhelm Meister" the marionette scene. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" the story read to Roderick. But none of these examples is just what I want. What would give a better idea of what I attempted in my "Cahiers," in my "Narcisse," and in the "Tentative" is a comparison with the device of heraldry which consists in setting in the escutcheon a smaller replica *en abyme*.

This *composition en abyme*, which like the triple mirrors at the tailor's opens a staggering abyss before our eyes, has preoccupied André Gide from the first; in addition to the very early works he mentions, he has used it in "Paludes," in the "Caves du Vatican," and most effectively in "The Counterfeiters"—where the novelist within his novel is himself writing a novel with a novelist as the central character.

Huxley does much the same thing. And his novelist, Philip Quarles, sees this form of composition in terms of the Quaker holding a box of oats pictured on the Quaker Oats

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box. This is why the rereader of "The Counterfeiters" should also read "Point Counter Point" if only to enhance his admiration for Gide's achievement. Despite Ruth Temple's easy dismissal of Gide in her very full study of Huxley's debt to France (*Revue de Littérature Comparée,* January, 1939), Huxley's best novel is directly inspired by, not to say frankly imitative of, Gide's. Nor is his use of the novel within the novel at all effective. Unlike Edouard, Quarles does not stand at the very center of the action. Out in India at the beginning of the novel, he never catches up with events, knowing nothing directly of Burlap's seduction of Beatrice, of his father's affair with Gladys, of the satanic evolution going on within the Baudelairian Spandrell, or even of Walter Bidlake's abandoning of Marjorie for Lucy, which is to figure in his novel.

To be successful, the novelist used thus as a character must be a meeting-point for all the currents—a fuse box, as Edouard is—and hence preserve the real author from the necessity of omniscience. Gide can afford to let his creatures get out of hand, even—in the eighteenth-century English manner—to interject ironic comments on their antics. But Huxley, who has hurriedly seized upon an original discovery and badly used it, must maintain the Olympian attitude of the traditional novelist. Like his prototype Edouard, Quarles keeps a notebook, but, unlike Edouard's, his jottings neither advance the story nor reproduce from another angle events already related in the form of action or conversation. Quarles's notebook most often serves simply as an excuse for the essayist to elaborate ideas set forth by Rampion. Just as Gide did, Huxley wants to seize all the layers of reality—"multiplicity of eyes and multiplicity of aspects seen." Nevertheless, he attempts only rarely, and then quite mechanically, to view the same problem or event through different eyes, as, for instance, when Webley's fascist speech is reported directly by the author, described in terms of Elinor's emotions, and noted by Quarles in one of his little essays.

Gide, who calls for the reader's collaboration and expects him to remember what he has read, is a master of indirection. As in life, his characters often remain ignorant of details that appear clear to us outsiders, but Gide has permitted us to make the deduction ourselves. When Olivier becomes enthusiastic over Passavant's knowledge of marine biology, we know that the latter has simply handed on facts he had learned from Olivier's brother Vincent. Likewise, the moment we learn of Strouvilhou's sojourn at Saas-Fee we guess the source of Bernard's counterfeit coin. But even when Huxley has a chance to let the reader add two and two, he steps in and shouts the answer—as when Molly d'Exergillod thinks Elinor a fool for not noticing how much Philip is attracted to Molly. Forgetting that the preceding chapter has told us how Elinor regularly pushed her husband into other women's arms to humanize him, Huxley tells us all over again.

Does Huxley really forget? On the contrary, it would seem deliberate, this unwillingness to permit the reader that little thrill of recognition akin to creation. Like the old-fashioned school teacher, Huxley must always show himself more intelligent than his readers, and this he does by always being painfully explicit. In consequence his novel is repetitive, wordy even.

Even Huxley's contrapuntal composition ("All you need is a sufficiency of characters and parallel contrapuntal plots") comes directly from Gide, whose Edouard claims that he wants to write a novel based on Bach's "Art of the Fugue." Indeed, many of the characters and the situations they find themselves in have their parallels in "The Counterfeiters." In addition to the Quarles-Edouard parallel, Lucy Tantamount corresponds to Lady Griffith, Walter Bidlake to Vincent Molinier, Marjorie Carling to Laura Vedel, Spandrell to Strouvilhou, John Bidlake to La Pérouse, Burlap to Passavant, and so on. Finally, both novels—which opened with a family "scene" and with the novelist character traveling to the point of action—close with scenes of violence abruptly related in the Dostoevskian manner. With a similar group of characters Gide depicts the decay of the bourgeois family; Huxley, a society that is rotten to the core. But in Gide's novel, so much of which deals with the young who are aiding the dissolution of their families, there is hope in youth. Huxley's world shows no element of hope.

Both works have frequently been classified as immoral. A moralistic and myopic critic early called "The Counterfeiters," the novel of uranism and onanism; "Point Counter Point" offers a society in heat in which adultery is the normal practice. In Gide's work there is a greater dosage of positive evil, creative evil—which Gide would attribute to the collaboration of the demon—whereas Huxley's world from Burlap to Spandrell is shoddily immoral. But as for the immorality that lies in the attitude of the author, and which D. H. Lawrence particularly castigated in "Point Counter Point," no comparison is possible.

In his diary for March 18, 1931, Gide recorded:

> For the third time I gather my strength to read "Point Counter Point," for I have been told that you must get beyond the beginning. But what can I think of a book whose first seventy pages I read attentively without finding a single line rather firmly drawn, a single personal thought, emotion, or sensation—not the slightest bait for the heart or the mind which might invite me to continue?

And later that day he drops the book definitively at the 115th page. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but André Gide has never been susceptible to flattery.

For a First Birthday

Hang at my hand as I write now
My small one whom the dogs follow
That, nuzzled in my stomach once,
Like lions at her laughter dance.

The roaring forties in the bed
Beat up disaster on her head,
And on the wall the calendar
Always enumerated war.

Thunder in the teacup and
Prognostications in the sand
Menaced her amusement with
The abracadabra of death.

She who kisses prettier than
Two breezes meeting round a fan,

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What shall she hold in her arms
But the catastrophes like lambs?

And when, among the temporal
Ruins of her landscape shall
The giddygoat and the Cupid chase
All but Disney from the place?

On the rag of a single summer
She dried all tears of the future;
The vernal equinox was up her sleeve
When the winter made her grieve.

Happily the unhappy shall lie down
By her, and bounty be her own
Bubble: the hitherto inconsolable
Find solace at her first syllable.

The dove, in its code of coos,
Will carry abroad her good news:
That it was Love, and not
Law kept the Ark afloat.

For the desire, and the daughter,
And the dog chasing its tail
Renew all things in Nature,
And Nature renews it all.

GEORGE BARKER

I WUZ ROBBED

Fearless Reporter Battles Censors

BY GILBERT HIGHET

CAIRO, September 19. I am feeling quite sick. Stupidity infuriates me. Today I wrote out my broadcast for next Tuesday, and took it round to Captain Plinkett-Drax, the British censor. This is what I tried to say:

> Britain is losing the war here in North Africa. The idiocy of her senior officers, the poverty of her equipment, the class-conscious, hidebound inadequacy of her social system, and the poor training of her troops make it virtually certain that Marshal Rommel will walk through the few battalions now struggling against him on the desert front. Behind the lines morale is low. I heard reports this morning that General Staff Headquarters is moving to Aden. The superior training, material, and will-power of the Afrika Korps make it look like a black day for the British Empire.

I was kept waiting for ten minutes, cooling my heels in Plinkett-Drax's outer office. Surely, I thought to myself, he realizes that his most important duty is to read and pass my broadcasts. What is wrong with these people? Can't they understand how much a broadcast like this will help the British war effort?

When at last I was admitted, I was amazed to find the censor looking coldly at my script as it lay there on his gold and ivory desk. He said: "Do you think it is right to use our radio to tell the world that we are losing the war?"

At once I was up in arms. I retorted: "Don't you see it will encourage the Americans to come in and save you?"

"I don't quite see how it will do that," he replied with deliberate obtuseness.

"Well, anyhow," I shouted, "it happens to be true."

Then he actually called me a liar, in his hateful clipped accent. At least, he said: "There are two sides to that question. It is possible that you are overestimating our weakness and the enemy's strength."

I was so furious that I picked up my script and stormed out of the office.

September 21. I have been ill for two days. The heat and worry of this place gets me down. I haven't been able to do more than two hours' work. I laid off at three today and ordered a drink in the Ritz bar.

It infuriates me to see smart British officers of military age stop working at seven o'clock and sit down lazily to have whiskey and soda in hotel lounges. Don't they know there's a war on?

September 22. Another brush with the British censors. I had written a wonderful script exposing the ghastly situation in Malta, and submitted it to the ineffable Plinkett-Drax. It said, and I quote:

> The situation in Malta is critical. Of the last consignment of forty-eight Spitfires, only four remain airworthy. The others have been either shot out of the air or destroyed on the ground. The anti-aircraft defenses are woefully inadequate. If the Germans and Italians attack by sea with good air support, particularly on the northeastern sector where the safeguards against a landing are virtually nonexistent, there is grave danger that this bastion of the British Empire may fall. Most of this has come about by the stupidity of British officers and administrators.

I had never written better, for I felt the truth of every word as I put it down. What was my astonishment to hear Plinkett-Drax say that I was to be prohibited from reading it on the air. I told him: "Perhaps you don't understand. I am an American reporter. The people in America want to hear the truth. How can I give it to them through a smoke screen of censorship?"

He actually suggested that the broadcast might help the enemy. I was mad. I shouted: "You are accusing me of trying to help the fascists! You must be criminally crazy as well as just plain dumb. I'm not talking to the Axis. I'm talking to the people of America. Nobody listens to these broadcasts here. How could they possibly help the fascists?"

He muttered something about the Germans having listening-posts and picking up hints, but I paid no attention and stamped out.

I have such a terrible headache. I wired Bertha: "SWEETIEPIE LOVETHINKING BACKCOMING IMMINENTLY." Then I went out for the evening with Wun Lung. Wun Lung is an enchanting Eurasian girl, cultured and intelligent. To talk with her is like a cool bath after the heat and struggles of the day. She doesn't like the British either.

September 24. Astonished by a cable that arrived this morning. It read: "YOU HAVE BEEN AWARDED BIG MEDAL BY ETA BITA PI FRATERNITY OF REPORTERS FOR YOUR WONDERFUL STORY ON ABYSSINIAN EMPEROR." I remember taking the story down as some sissy-pants British liaison officer gave it to us. I thought for a minute I might write to thank him for giving

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me the material, but when I remembered his accent and his monocle, I decided not to. He was too conceited already.

I spent the evening talking to Wun Lung about my medal. I cabled Bertha too. Ah, how I long for her.

September 26. Another instance of the stupidity of censors. I just heard today that when the British were evacuating an advanced post in the desert, they absolutely refused to help the wretched Ababa tribesmen to escape. Of all the selfishness and shortsightedness! I wrote a stinging denunciation of the British for not loading these poor "natives" into their armored cars; but Plinkett-Drax made an issue of it, and I had to change my script at the last moment and talk about Rommel's supply lines.

He said it would discourage the natives. What nonsense! What abject nonsense!

September 27. Hot news today. I sat up in my bedroom all morning typing it out. It seems that the British war effort in the desert has been gravely impeded by the fifth-column work of Ababa tribesmen. For some reason I was not allowed to broadcast this either.

Why won't the British let me tell everyone about the Ababa tribesmen?

October 1. I spent four hours, from nine till one this morning, arguing with Plinkett-Drax about my next script. I noticed his desk was heaped with untidy papers. The trouble with these British officials is they are afraid of work. An American would have had those papers cleared off by 11 a. m.

I got no satisfaction out of him, despite all my efforts to be cooperative.

October 4. Rommel is still advancing. Everything is finished here. I am getting out. I cabled Bertha again: "HONEYBUN UPFIXING EXIT SOONEST."

I took my typewriter to a British store to get the capital "I" renewed, on Saturday afternoon. They told me it couldn't be done till Monday, because people stopped work on Sundays. What abject, nauseating nonsense! Don't they know there is a war on? I had to wait till Monday before I could write any letters or scripts, without my capital "I."

October 5. Today news came through of the fall of Singapore. The reason is obvious. The British never expected the Japs to attack them. This is because of their smug, aristocratic Eton-and-Harrow mentality. Democratic Americans would *never* make the mistake of not expecting the Japs to attack them.

October 6. I was surprised to hear that Captain Plinkett-Drax had been taken to hospital with a complete breakdown. The nurses said he kept raving about brownies that wouldn't let him attend to his work. The trouble with these British is, they are soft. I tried to cable an interpretative story on the general collapse of morale of which this is symptomatic, but was prevented by the usual eggbound asininity.

All the censors, except Plinkett-Drax, came down to see me off. I can't think why. They have never been so cooperative before. Perhaps they are beginning to realize the truth. Rommel will be in Cairo in ten days, I feel, and I want to get out to tell the world whose fault it is.

O boy! I could write a book!

Soliloquy

For Creative Artists in War Time
Designed to Help Them Keep Up Their Morale

It's up to us while the young are fighting
To keep up our music and art and writing;
It's for us to keep lighted God's timeless taper;
Freedom needs us to put words on paper.

All culture would end save for us creators;
To have us stop would delight dictators.
There is more to a war than just to win it;
Pleasant thought, and I hope that there's something in it.

IRWIN EDMAN

Mann's Political Essays

ORDER OF THE DAY. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THOMAS MANN'S WORLD. By Joseph Gerard Brennan. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

IF THE collection of Thomas Mann's political essays had appeared alone, without the almost simultaneous publication of Mr. Brennan's excellent study of Mann's whole spiritual history, it might have been sufficient to accept the essays with grateful admiration for the noble proportions of Mann's thought, for the elevated and slightly tragic mood of his style, and for the depth of his understanding of the issues involved in the world crisis. Mr. Brennan's analysis of the development of Mann's thought, particularly of the tension between the artist and the exemplar of bourgeois respectability in Thomas Mann's novels, naturally prompt one to ask some more fundamental questions about the relation of Thomas Mann to German culture and the relation of German culture to Nazism.

Yet it may be well to begin more simply with the essays and to express the satisfaction which any sensitive reader must feel in reading Mann's moving defense of democratic civilization. Though some of the essays have been published before, the most important ones—particularly those written in Germany before Hitler came to power—are new to us. The first essay in the book, The German Republic, was delivered as a lecture in Berlin in 1923 and represents Mann's first explicit defense of democracy. He was obviously speaking to a hostile youthful audience, already deeply infected with the virus which would bring disaster to them, to Germany, and to the world. He responds to their jibes with the dignity of a patrician and a great humanist, and in the process of countering their hostility he expresses forebodings which have since been tragically justified. The whole chapter, and many subsequent ones, contain the vitality of living history and are more than the mere words of a wise man.

In all of his various appeals Mann is defending something more than democracy as a form of government against the rising tide of obscurantism, militarism, and mystic nationalism. He speaks as a protagonist of the common element in the classical and Christian tradition which has informed the culture of Europe for ages; and he seeks vainly to stem the tide of synthetic barbarism which the youth of Germany

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so pathetically regarded as the resurgence of German vitality.

It is not possible to do full justice to all the facets of Mann's thought in his polemic against Nazism. One may say, however, that no one has been able to express disgust for something loathsome with so nice and calculated a contempt. His essay on Hitler entitled A Brother, in which he measures the man as a perverted artist and perverse genius, is a perfect piece of irony.

Thus while one may hail Thomas Mann as the most authentic voice of the "true" Germany, as the most persuasive exponent of a culture to which Germany made as many significant contributions as any other Western nation, one may be pardoned if one detects in Mann's spiritual history some clues to the pathos of Germany's genius. He protests eloquently against the degradation of Nazism. He sees it as a perversion of the romantic tradition in German culture. Yet he is himself deeply indebted to the romantic tradition. He is quite right of course in not holding Schopenhauer or Nietzsche responsible for Nazism; and equally right in detecting a closer affinity between Wagner and Hitler, despite his own honest admiration for Wagner. Yet one wonders whether the Nazi dregs could be what they are if the best wine of German culture had not been what it was and had not been a little too heady. Mr. Brennan makes much of the tension which Mann felt and expressed between his tradition as a *Bürger* and his vocation as an artist, between the solidity, respectability, and conservatism of a scion of a patrician family and the freedom and creative irresponsibility of art. Yet it may be that the difficulty of German culture lay in an insufficient tension between characteristic bourgeois virtues and artistic feeling in the German middle class.

In other parts of the Western world the rise of the bourgeoisie was concomitant with the destruction of feudal traditions and loyalties and the establishment of political justice based upon careful rational discrimination. But for Mann and for Germany *bürgerlich* had other connotations. The point of Mann's original disavowal of politics in his Reflections of a Non-Political Man was that Germany was a land of music and not of politics. His preference for music as the highest art was prompted by his conviction that it expressed depth of feeling without the conscious intellectual discrimination other art forms demand. In his debate with the youth of Germany, after he had renounced his former indifference to politics and had come to the significant conclusion that an intelligent interest in politics was synonymous with concern for democratic politics, he states the position of those who oppose him thus: "Literature and art, I am told, romantic literature at least, German art, are they not dream, simplicity, feeling, or better yet temperament? Whatever have they to do with intellect, which like the republic is more the concern of sharp-witted Jews and to be disapproved of on patriotic grounds?" He refutes this position, which was once his own, and his whole volume of essays does handsome penance for his previously avowed indifference to politics. But they can scarcely hide the original mistake. It would be ungenerous to call attention to the mistake had it been unique rather than typical. It was not the mistake so much of a German artist who was in conflict with his middle-class traditions as the mistake of the German middle classes. They were informed by romantic traditions which might be universalist or nationalistic, individualistic or *Völkisch*, but which scorned the plodding, discriminating social and political disciplines which bore the fruit of political justice.

What would have become of democracy in the non-German world if only Rousseau and not John Locke had informed our tradition? It is significant that even after Mann espouses democracy he makes much of the similarity between the thought of the German romantic, Novalis, and our own romantic, Walt Whitman. Rousseau, Novalis, and Whitman may persuade us to love the people en masse, but more is required to save the people from themselves and each other.

In short, the tragedy of a non-democratic Germany slipping into the morass of tyranny and obscurantism which the democratic Thomas Mann tried so nobly and so futilely to avert may be partly explained, or is at least illumined, by the thought of the non-democratic and non-political Thomas Mann. The futility of his later efforts is, at any rate, partly determined by the typical, rather than unique, character of his early position.

It is necessary to make this indictment of German culture for the sake of refuting such indictments as those of Lord Vansittart, which attribute a congenital defect to German character. Nazism is not merely an accidental aberration in German life. But neither are its cruelties typical of German character. Nazi tyranny is the bitter fruit of a congenital political ineptness in German culture; and that ineptness is at least partly derived from the romantic tradition.

All this does not derogate from the stature of Thomas Mann. Only a very great man could rise to the height of his noble disavowal of Nazism and his humble and ironic recognition of Hitler as "a brother." Hitler is of course a brother to all of us, in so far as his movement explicitly avows certain evils which are implicit in the life of every nation. Yet it is not unfair to regard him as, in a special sense, the evil fruit of the German romantic movement. The greatness of that movement is not refuted by the fact that Nazism is really its fruit; but neither can the relation of the fruit to the tree be denied. The most tragic aspect of German culture is that it frequently illumined the ultimate issues of human existence more profoundly than any other culture. But meanwhile it scorned all the proximate issues. In a sense all Thomas Mann's arguments since his conversion to the importance of politics are a plea to the artist and the philosopher to deal with proximate as well as with ultimate issues of existence, lest failure at this point wipe out the ground upon which men stand when they concern themselves with the ultimate.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Life of Victor Hugo

VICTOR HUGO: A REALISTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE GREAT ROMANTIC. By Matthew Josephson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

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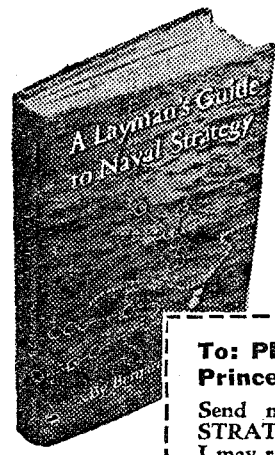

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Victor Hugo's mind received its first impressions from a world almost as tragically disjointed as our own. After the disastrous sacrifice of several generations of men on the battlefields of Europe, after two humiliating invasions of French soil by foreign armies, the youth of that day found themselves bewildered in the midst of a disintegrating social order, with nearly all support from respected past ideals irretrievably swept away. For almost two score years these victims of circumstance strove pathetically, groping their way out of a swamp of unending moral distress, sustained only in their efforts by a longing for some far-away dreamland of peace, for some harmonious, if utopian, solution of their perplexities.

Hugo himself went through all the devastating moral pangs of a lost, despairing generation, and he remained up to the very end a divided, anxious, and profoundly tormented soul. The incredibly rich, intense, variegated hues coloring the whole pattern of his life proceed, to a large extent, from the confused struggle of forces which disrupted all accepted values in France during the early part of his life. Hugo contrived eventually, it is true, somehow to attain a measure of outward balance and calm. His inner life, however, continued to be a center of storm where violently opposed elements constantly met and clashed. The poetical fulgurations which illumine all his work bear witness to the tremendous power and influence of his underlying mystic and emotional conflicts.

In presence of such a complex, enigmatic, tumultuous, often incoherent personality, the staid, realistic method used by Mr. Josephson appears inadequate. His casual, matter-of-fact account of outside events and his picturesque anecdotes do not convey at any time the impression of getting close to the soul of Hugo the man, still less of disembroiling the tangled skein of his emotions, aspirations, and moods.

In spite of the foregoing strictures, the present biography is not without serious merits. Mr. Josephson is evidently well acquainted with most of the scholarly works treating the various phases of his subject's life. Out of heavy, ponderous material he has made a fluent and extremely readable narrative. He does not, of course, go far beneath the surface, but the surface is easy, pleasant, and smooth. The reader's attention hardly ever flags, and, if at the end of the volume he has not succeeded in establishing a true contact with the great French poet, he has been, at least, entertained and amused.

Further, there is on the part of Mr. Josephson a most creditable attempt to deal with Hugo impartially and honestly. Hugo's fate at the hands of many modern critics has been, in this regard, extremely singular. During the last part of his life Hugo took a vigorous stand in favor of democratic ideas. These ideas aroused then, in certain French quarters, the most virulent antagonism. Soon it became almost a fashion among conservative critics to revile on every occasion the man who had identified himself completely with the cause they hated. Since many of these critics were truly outstanding in their own field, they succeeded in swinging a large part of public opinion to their side, and while conceding the value of Hugo as a writer, they managed to create against his person and his opinions a strong and lasting prejudice. Even an André Gide, after acknowledging

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that Victor Hugo was the greatest French poet, felt obliged to add apologetically "Alas!" Mr. Josephson has no ax to grind. No systematic disparagement, no undue glorification is to be found in his book; and it must be admitted that if the realistic method proves disappointing when it comes to puzzling out the intricacies of a poet's soul, it offers the advantage of insuring, on the part of a conscientious author like Mr. Josephson, an attitude of most commendable fairness and objectivity.

The only important blemish in Mr. Josephson's work is its factual inaccuracy. I am not referring to occasional slips, which would come out in rather large number if the book were passed through the fine comb of pedantic, meticulous criticism, but to very grave mistakes in the presentation of the nineteenth-century French historical background. Hugo's life was so closely associated with the political developments of his time that his biographer has, willy-nilly, also to delve into history. Mr. Josephson, who as a rule knows the facts of Hugo's life well, shows himself poorly informed when he attempts to place him in his environment. In particular, the pictures of the Second Republic, of the Roman question, and of the Second Empire present glaring errors which could have been avoided through simple research in easily accessible books of reference. The layman will of course never notice these many distortions, which come not from any discernible bias but from inadequate documentation. The integrity of the book, however, is somewhat marred by this unaccountable insufficiency.

On the whole Mr. Josephson's work can be called, in the best and worst sense of the word, a popular book. It will appeal to the large public through its superficiality and its entertaining liveliness. It is commendably impartial and fair. A most regrettable ignorance of essential historical facts, however, makes it fall below the standard previously set by Mr. Josephson in his study of Zola.

GEORGES LEMAITRE

The Correspondent's Book

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY? By Louis P. Lochner. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

THIS IS THE ENEMY. By Frederick Oechsner with the United Press Staff. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE SELF-BETRAYED: GLORY AND DOOM OF THE GERMAN GENERALS. By Curt Riess. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

WERE there a score, a hundred, or a thousand American journalists working in Germany before the war? Only the publishers know. But so far as diversity or originality in their work is concerned, there might have been only one Arch-Correspondent, sitting in the Adlon bar amid a haze of smoke and smooth-boy information. For to judge by their books the foreign correspondents resembled one another as closely as the journalists in Hollywood films. They were diligent and dogged, shrewd though sometimes slightly touched by romanticism, unlearned in the social sciences, rather boring and rarely conscious of the real problems that confront governments and peoples. There is little in their books that we have not read in their columns, and almost

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nothing that we have not read in the works of the scholars, the men of purpose, and the well equipped exiles. They write more popularly than the scholars, of course; that is to say, they garble things to suit the common taste. They stuff their long-winded manuscripts with the selfsame time-worn facts, critical banalities, small-scale learning, unrevealing revelations, and hearsay conjectures. There was perhaps a need for one good correspondent's book a year—Mr. Shirer's in 1941 and Howard K. Smith's in 1942. Unfortunately all the publishers had the same idea.

Mr. Lochner, chief of the Associated Press in Berlin, begins his lengthy effort with a sort of revelation. At least, had he published it in August, 1939, it would have been slightly sensational. Mr. Lochner enjoyed the confidence of a highly placed informant. A week before Hitler's invasion of Poland this man gave Mr. Lochner what purported to be a three-page report of a speech delivered by Hitler to his generals on August 22, 1939. This document, which contained a rough outline of Hitler's projected campaigns, was taken by Mr. Lochner to the American embassy, which refused to accept it because it was dynamite. Later his informant told the A. P.'s chief the exact zero hour of the assault on Crete. Having thus suggested that he really was in the know, Mr. Lochner then lets us down. Chiefly he rewrites his articles. For the rest he does little more than arrange his informational bric-a-brac around the central idea that we are fighting a powerful and unscrupulous enemy who does not respect democracy. If you are in any doubt about this truth and think one more book may help you, Mr. Lochner's will do.

Or, spurning the A. P., you might favor the United Press. "This Is the Enemy" has been compiled by the five members of the U. P.'s Berlin staff. It is a better book than the A. P.'s, being briefer and better written and having less of personal reaction in it. It contains among other things a fairly useful account of German military technique and perhaps fifty new facts that will make your cocktail partner nod his head in acceptance. But it is very uneven and sometimes infuriating. Hitler's sweetheart was a lass named Eva Braun, God bless her. One of the U. P.'s men "learned on reliable authority that Hitler contemplated marrying" this Braun girl. The same foreign correspondent tells us that he doesn't know why Hitler did not do so. "Perhaps," the foreign correspondent suggests, "the opening up of new vistas in his 'historic mission' during these momentous years relegated marriage to its position of previous unimportance in his plans." There's prose for you—all to say the so-and-so reneged and went off to bomb Warsaw.

Then Mr. Riess. Mr. Riess is an anti-fascist exile. I accept his politics and reject his book. The central theme of "The Self-Betrayed" is that the German generals, in dealing with Hitler, have betrayed their caste. It is thus at oblique variance with Mr. Fried's scholarly and documented "Guilt of the German Army." Much of the material of the present book can be obtained elsewhere and is beyond question. But Mr. Riess's specialty is revelation. "The Self-Betrayed" is crammed with sensational accounts of private conversations and conspiracies between leading Nazis and soldiers of the Third Reich, reported as if Mr. Riess or his informants had been eyewitnesses. He provides "factual" explana-

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tions of a quite Alexandrine complexity, set down with the finality of the "Cambridge Modern History." He will give you an inside version of the Blomberg affair, with the complete history of the movements and private thoughts of the participants, or he will recount the very details of an alleged plot, headed by Von Runstedt, to overthrow Hitler. Mr. Riess even knows the names of the S. S. officers who called on Reichenau half an hour before his mysterious death.

It is best to be frank. Mr. Riess may believe what his contacts tell him, but for my part I believe about one word of it. Obviously, Mr. Riess's informants are so close to the works that they ought to be able to tell us where Hitler will strike next. Whether it is believable or not, however, its verbosity, absence of logical order, and lack of selective discretion make the book a rococo horror for this reader. One admits that there is some diversion in it. The author is good on the love life of the insects. Former Big Shot Alfred Rosenberg plotted against the Soviet Union with the Ukrainian basilisk Skoropadsky and with certain hyphenated Red Army generals. Every time Producer Rosenberg and Director Skoropadsky went into a huddle over their invasion story, Herr Rosenberg's beautiful and brilliant mistress, Vera Schuster, was present, by permission of Warner Brothers. Too bad for Alfred! Mr. Riess will tell you why: "Intelligence officers of a Western power found out that Vera Schuster was an agent of the Ogpu and had kept Moscow informed of everything Rosenberg and Skoropadsky were planning." Sure, that's what he says! I agree with the Hays office.

RALPH BATES

The American Color

CURRIER & IVES: PRINTMAKERS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Harry T. Peters. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THE Currier and Ives prints represent the transition from the handicrafts to industrialism in popular graphic art, being the equivalent, perhaps, of the player-piano in music. They were run off in black and white from single stones on hand-operated presses and were colored by hand by a "staff of about twelve young women, all trained colorists and mostly of German descent. They worked at long tables from a model set up in the middle of the table. . . . Each colorist applied only one color, and when she had finished, passed the print on to the next worker, and so on until it was fully colored." A factor that shortened the career of the firm of Currier and Ives was its reluctance to adopt chromolithography, by which the print is colored directly from the block, until almost thirty years after its introduction into this country.

The text Mr. Peters supplies to his beautifully made book gives this information and much more—and excuses the apparent defects of some of the color plates: hand-coloring accounts for the discrepancies between different copies of the same print. Mr. Peters makes little attempt to discuss the aesthetic value of the prints, implying somehow, in spite of his love of them, that they are beneath it. That is a question. Anyhow, it is time someone examined the nineteenth-century mind through them, noting what an appeal to the

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one of the finest biographies of the year."—Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Especially timely is the thrilling account of how Hugo, the great French patriot, fought a Hitler-like dictator for twenty years. Other episodes show versatile Hugo as boy prodigy, literary giant, and great lover—against the colorful background of nineteenth-century Paris.

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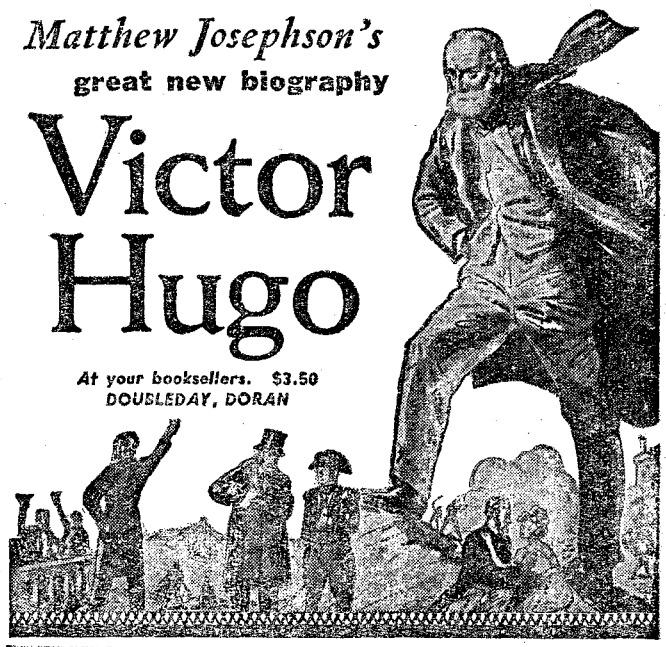

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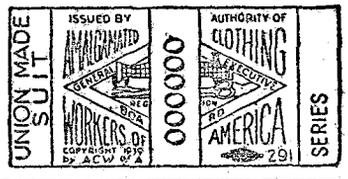

Free Churchill Pamphlet

The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A huge audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from productive equipment to ground values. (See Christian Century, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toil and skill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

Send at once for free copy of Churchill pamphlet, edited by Louis Wallis.

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American imagination the railroad once made and how sex managed to get into pictures of slaves being branded, sailors making rescues at sea, and anything in general combining violence with women.

The work of some of the most respected American painters of the time was reproduced by Currier and Ives, but it seems dull compared to the run-of-the-mill prints designed by the firm's staff artists. The latter may have been a little awkward or naive, but their product was almost always lively. Where the academicist, like Eastman Johnson, muffled recesses in shadow and dwelt upon the texture of a barn door, the staff illustrator put in additional details of interest and information or executed a neat decorative passage. Also the reviewer finds the stars of the Currier and Ives staff, such as the English-born sporting artist Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, less stimulating than those who had practically the status of hacks, like Fanny Palmer, also English-born. Her want of the finish which Tait had was more than compensated for by her candor and her strong feeling for composition in depth. She specialized in landscape, panorama, and scenic effects, and filled in backgrounds and color in pictures by other artists. I never tire of admiring, in her famous "Rocky Mountains: Emigrants Crossing the Plains," the recession leading from the stream and tree in the right foreground corner through the groups of trees and winding of the stream in the middle distance to the cliffs and peaks in the farthest center background. The features of the landscape are largely imaginary, as Mrs. Palmer never saw the Rocky Mountains. It is too bad that the particular copy of this print reproduced in the book is so crudely colored.

Hardly anything is presumed to be more typically American than the Currier and Ives prints; yet of the six artists responsible for most of the better-known ones, only two were born here: Thomas Worth, cartoonist and limner of race horses, and George Henry Durrie, who so affectionately described New England farm life. Three of the four others —Tait, Mrs. Palmer, and Charles Parsons, the marine specialist—were born in England, where the first two lived until they were adults; while Louis Maurer, centenarian painter of horses and outdoor life and the father of the artist Alfred Maurer, was born and raised in Rhenish Germany. The good majority, too, of the principal lithographers of Currier and Ives were born abroad. The definitely American stamp of the work of these immigrants is to be explained, it seems, by the power of American environment to change quickly anything that comes within it. Not that it possesses this power any more than any other environment, but it is surprising that, never having had and still not having a marked national style, our country should have been able at all to distill such a pervasive and stubborn color of its own. There is nothing in the Currier and Ives prints which cannot be found, conceivably, in English, German, and French traditions of popular illustration; yet almost every one has a tone, a tempering, a shading, or a grain—sometimes no more than a hint—that is enough, quite apart from its subject matter, to distinguish it as American.

The prints were popular in Europe. One wonders how they were regarded there. Were they quaint and exotic in their *gaucherie*, or were they the latest bit of progress from America? Paradoxical as it may seem, there is something

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glossy and packaged about them. After all, their mode of production was rationalized as far as possible, and the result was arranged and corrected with a view to its sales appeal to a public whose interest in art pertained only to incidentals.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

The House of Fureno

THE THREE BAMBOOS. By Robert Standish. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

THE peoples of Europe have written about each other with sympathy, assurance, and perception for many years. When Frenchmen and Germans appear in our literature, they are not caricatures unless caricature is intended. But very little is written about the Orient in which the Oriental appears as a human being sympathetically understood and snugly fitted into an environment known to the reader. "The Three Bamboos" is one of the first novels about Japan which draws an acceptable picture of Japanese character and stems from a firm understanding of the economic and social environment of modern Japan.

"The Three Bamboos"—the title is taken from the sign of the House of Fureno—is based upon an important phenomenon in the rise of modern Japan—the growth of a financial oligarchy. The book might be a description of the rise of the House of Mitsui or Mitsubishi. It begins with the pre-Meiji period and shows how complicated were the factors bringing about the revolution. The elder Fureno is merely anti-Takugawa. He leads his sons in the pirating of a Takugawa treasure ship out of feudal ambitions; but the sons he sends abroad with this wealth to learn the secrets of the West return to Japan with other ambitions. From this very time begins the conflict between the older Samurai traditions of Japan, as represented in the novel by the elder Fureno, and the capitalist instincts of the great houses which together form the financial oligarchy. The invention of *bushido,* a doctrine which consolidates a position of considerable ambiguity, helps the capitalist-minded generals and the military-minded capitalists to bridge the gap between old and new Japan.

A good story, rapidly and subtly told, works out in the private lives of eminent Japanese the basic conflicts of Japanese society. This is a historical novel in the best sense of the word.

Against a strong structural background Mr. Standish can use quite safely those elements in Japanese life—ultra-nationalist societies, and secret assassination—which in the hands of others are often little more than melodrama. He keeps his feet on solid ground.

> It would be a mortal error to assume that the Japanese are entirely vile, for nothing entirely vile could have survived, untouched by other influences for several thousand years. No creature that is brave is wholly bad. Common fairness, furthermore, demands that one admit that much of the vileness of modern Japan is of Western origin. That the Japanese seized it avidly is also beyond dispute.

As far as history goes, Mr. Standish begins much better than he ends. The destruction of the Furenos in a bomber at Pearl Harbor is artistically fitting. But the historian might well wonder whether, as Mr. Standish represents, the finan-

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cial oligarchy swallowed the military, or whether it was swallowed by the military. Assassination, used so skilfully by the last of the Furenos against some of the older representatives of the Samurai tradition, was a weapon widely used by the new military against the financial oligarchy. Mr. Standish in his last chapters is truer to his characters than to history, but that perhaps is merely one of the difficulties of writing a historical novel.

Mr. Standish deserves high praise for writing an exciting story from such an eminently sane and objective point of view. He has contributed in this novel to our understanding of the Japanese ruling class. He has given little comfort to those who insist on making no distinction between that ruling class and the impoverished, exploited peasantry of the Island Empire. GEORGE E. TAYLOR

American Letters: A Restricted View

AMERICAN HARVEST: TWENTY YEARS OF CREATIVE WRITING IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. L. B. Fischer. $3.50.

IN PUTTING this anthology together, Mr. Tate and Mr. Bishop are prepared to show that American writing between 1920 and 1940 constitutes—as it never did in any previous period, even when there were a few giants in the land—a real literature. A literature in the French sense of the word, they punctiliously add, which means in translation that between 1920 and 1940 enough serious-minded writers learned their trade to produce a real body of sound and accomplished writing. That some such thing is true almost no one would deny, though perhaps many people would offer somewhat different proof, and perhaps most people would feel that complete proof is impossible in an anthology restricted to the shorter forms of writing. A real literature, even on its technical side, must reveal a mastery of larger forms and more complex artistic problems than anything offered here. If it is to be more than a purely minor art, it must show a certain size and sustaining power as well as a certain skill.

I would not labor the matter if I didn't suspect that for Mr. Tate and Mr. Bishop a literature does tend to exist simply on the basis of skill. Mr. Tate and Mr. Bishop are among those American critics whose standards of judgment are severely aesthetic, who see literature as art or nothing, and who not only care passionately about form and craftsmanship, but refuse the name of literature to whatever does not have them. The extremism of their point of view is salutary and even valuable in a nation whose critics have for too long a time been over-concerned with mere content, or with the sociological and psychological implications of that content. Mr. Tate and Mr. Bishop are not interested in writing for what is tendencious or personally revealing about it, or for what is produced as a convulsive necessity of the *Zeitgeist*. They are interested in writing as an art—as a thing that endures when the conditions it arose out of have disappeared from view. In an absolute sense, they are of course dead right; in any relative sense, the matter is perhaps more debatable. For in any body of literature that is not wholly first-rate—and few bodies are—it too often becomes necessary to choose between form without sufficient content and content without sufficient form. The choice, as a personal decision, will doubtless be a matter of temperament and taste; but as a critical one it may be influenced by the need to restore a balance. Certainly we have had enough of literature in the raw to feel that there is something special to be said, right now, for literature *sous cloche*.

But too much can be said for it, and I think that too much *is* said for it in the present anthology. "American Harvest," with its few lapses from skill and its many examples of adroitness, is proof enough of America's artistic coming-of-age. But it does not strike me as a wholly adequate or sufficiently rounded representation of the literature produced in America between 1920 and 1940. The omission of certain writers—and not merely Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and James Farrell, but equally Scott Fitzgerald, John O'Hara, Elizabeth Roberts, Ellen Glasgow, and, among the poets, Elinor Wylie—is decidedly worthy of comment; but it is more important that by no means all the included writers are represented by their most vital work; while it is most important of all that "American Harvest" is too single in tone and minor in tone, and falls short of that maturity of feeling and depth of insight that release literature, when it has done its job, back into life. Much, very much, of the prose in this book deals, for example, with nostalgic themes—the nostalgia for childhood, youth, far places, home: and even as we realize that there is no more natural or charming or fruitful impulse for art, we know too that there is none more facile or, at times, more escapist. The editors, in their introduction, have laid down a kind of critical canon, but the anthology itself, like almost all anthologies, is no more than a reflection of their taste. If it is very good taste, it is also very restricted. What we gain from its being fastidious we lose from its not being robust.

Much in "American Harvest" is, understandably, well known: such good stories as Hemingway's The Undefeated, Conrad Aiken's Secret Snow, Silent Snow, Lardner's Haircut, Katharine Anne Porter's Flowering Judas; such good essays as Edmund Wilson's The Ambiguity of Henry James and Eliot's Tradition and the Individual Talent. There are equally well-known things, like Faulkner's brilliant but tricky A Rose for Emily, which are less satisfactory; and some not well-known things, like Caroline Gordon's The Captive, which rank with the finest work in the book. The selections from Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell, and Willa Cather are particularly weak; and not all the poets are represented at their best or in the right proportions. But there is not a great deal to cavil at within the limits of the compilers' taste; it is rather those limits themselves that reduce the importance of the book, turning, as they do, the field of American literature, not to be sure into a hothouse, but into too trim and pretty a garden.

The book has also been published in Spanish and Portuguese for wide distribution in South America. It should make a popular missionary—one who woos the natives with beads rather than Bibles. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

[Several reviews and a poem scheduled for this number but unavoidably omitted will appear in early issues of The Nation.*]*

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DRAMA

Philemon on Main Street

THERE are, I am sure, a great many people who do not under any circumstances want to see a play about a man who planted himself in his own back yard and grew there into a very handsome tree.

A few of these people, namely, those whose taste was formed during the nineteen-thirties, will no doubt base their lack of interest on the fact that the hero of such a tale must be, as he actually is, an escapist of the most abandoned description and therefore outside the range of human sympathy. They may even go so far as to point out that the dendroid tendencies of Philemon and his spouse were involuntary rather than the result of any deliberate nay-saying to life; that even Daphne, though she was undoubtedly escaping from something, was nevertheless not an escapist in the technical sense of the word; and that a modern who deliberately plants himself is setting a very bad example to an age trying to develop a social conscience. An even larger group will, I suspect, base its determination to stay away from "Mr. Sycamore" (Guild Theater) on rationalistic rather than moral grounds. The old saying that what is too silly to be said on the stage is sung, is, they will maintain, not strictly true. Sometimes it isn't even set to music. Instead, it is simply labeled "a Fantasie."

With either of these groups it is obviously not worth while to discuss the present play. Their members take their stand on the unassailable declaration "Even if it were good I wouldn't like it"; and I confess that their point of view can be understood. I myself approached the evening with considerable misgiving. Indeed, I am not even certain that a man who actually saw "Mr. Sycamore" and still remained unimpressed would completely forfeit my love and respect. But I did, nevertheless, find the play quite delightful in its own way, and I think that it can be recommended with some confidence to all not too firmly convinced in advance that they could not possibly like it.

Both the action and the theme of the piece are precisely those which this outline would suggest, and there is no pseudo-profundity, no attempt, after the manner of Russo-German non-realistic plays, to imply some weighty significance that isn't there. Neither, for that matter, has either the author of the original short story or the author of the very skilful dramatization attempted to equal Mr. Saroyan's romantic arabesques. Instead, they have told quite simply the story of a village postman who is weary both of his own endless peregrinations and of the strife which seems to dominate the village almost as hopelessly as it does the international scene. Having always admired the peaceful, contemplative existence of trees and having heard from the village poetess about the sort of thing which seems to have been fairly frequent in Greece, he decides that what the ancients could do ought not to be beyond him. Despite the derision of his neighbors, he stands in a hole in his own back yard until the roots begin to sprout and the leafy twigs emerge from the ends of his fingers. When we last see him he is spreading his protective branches over his loving wife, who is seated, as he hoped she would be, beneath them. And when she inquires concerning his happiness, he shakes his leaves in a most contented fashion.

The overtones of satire and irony are pleasantly struck without being pretentious, labored, or in any way overdone, with the result that the play goes off in the pleasantest fashion imaginable. On the whole, the tendency is to emphasize the fun; the sentiment, which might easily have been mawkish, is very discreetly underplayed, with plenty of attention to the skeptical village wits who make the inevitable jokes about the danger of termites and the indignities likely to be offered by wandering dogs. Instead of striving to make the whole credible by subdued lighting, either literally or metaphorically, action is made to take place in plain daylight, and we believe as much as we need to because everything is so concrete and so matter of fact. The result demonstrates once again that nine times out of ten the method of Defoe works better than the method of Maeterlinck and that nothing is more likely to make us doubt than too obvious an effort to be eerie and portentous. Add to the good writing equally good directing and acting, all harmoniously in the same key, and you get a production which is obviously not "important" but very agreeable indeed. Stuart Erwin plays the postman with exactly the right mixture of gentle stubbornness and single-minded faith. Lillian Gish is also excellent as the loving wife who begins

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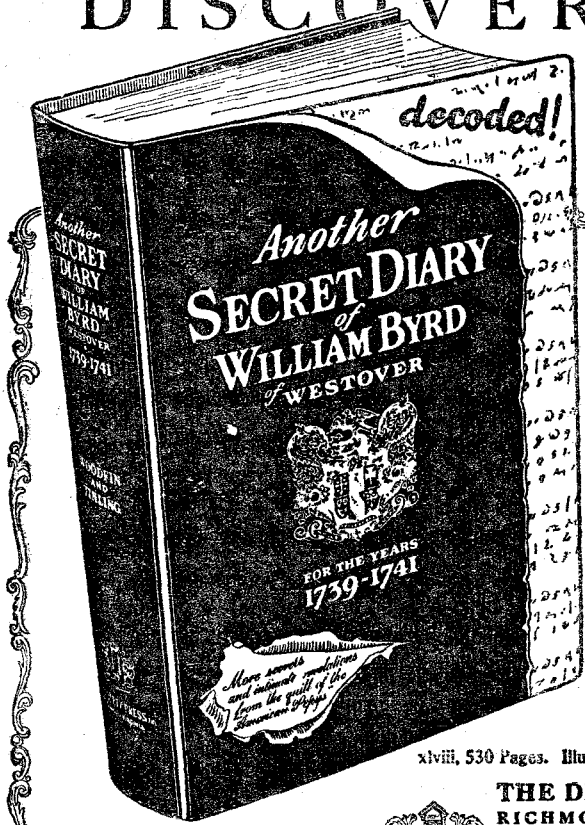

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by being greatly concerned lest her husband catch his death of cold and ends by deciding, as good wives should, that though men want strange things they ought, once it is clearly established that they do want them, to be helped toward even the strangest of goals.

Somewhat belatedly I should report that "The Damask Cheek" (The Playhouse) is a thoroughly artificial but literate comedy about how an admirable but unobtrusive woman had to maneuver before she could attract the attention of a man back in 1909—though I must say that the time was not, so far as I can remember, quite such an age of innocence as it is here represented. The authors, John Van Druten and Lloyd Morris, handle the story well, and so does a cast in which the accomplished Flora Robson is the star. "The Damask Cheek" is not going to tax anyone's mind and neither is it going to raise anyone's blood pressure, but it furnishes an agreeable evening.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

WHEREAS Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" was a completely achieved masterpiece which nobody had any right to tamper with in the ways that Rimsky-Korsakov and now Shostakovitch have tampered with it, his "Fair at Sorochinsk" was left a collection of sketches and composed fragments which had to be filled out into some complete form before it could be given on the stage. For the New Opera Company's production the conductor Emil Cooper has combined part of the Tcherepnine version with material of his own composed on themes by Mussorgsky; and the result sounds as though it had been done by Rimsky-Korsakov—which is to say that the music is individual and beautiful and moving in the way that even Rimsky's revision of Mussorgsky's music is, though not in the way that Mussorgsky's original is. As for the production, excellent conducting and staging achieve an over-all style which creates musico-dramatic illusion and impressiveness where these might have been destroyed by the youthful appearance, the unauthoritative presence and movement of most of the singers, and by the English words that clash with the music when they are intelligible.

Offenbach's "Vie parisienne," the company's greatest success last year, suffers this year from lack of precision and assurance in the performance of the music, and from several disadvantageous changes in cast: Paul Reed works ten times as hard as George Rasely, in the role of the trainer, to achieve one-tenth of the humor; the engagingly youthful Hugh Thompson plays the elderly father with the insufficient help of a little cornstarch and a mustache. What saves the production is the staging, which in the Café Anglais scene is nothing less than brilliant.

"The Fair at Sorochinsk" was preceded, after the opening night, by Balanchine's "Ballet Imperial," one of the works that he created for the South American tour of the American Ballet in 1941. It is composed to the music of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2, which I have not heard since Yolanda Mero played it in the early twenties, but which is vastly superior to the popular Concerto No. 1, and is in fact one of Tchaikovsky's best works. And Balanchine's choreography is a superb illustration of what Lincoln Kirstein—who has written so discerningly about Balanchine—describes as "his mastery of the poetry of dance pattern in a symphonic form. I do not mean by his utilizing the symphonies of Brahms or Tchaikovsky, but in his orchestrating dancers to move in his given space, as sounds exist in their given time in a symphony." But this orchestrating of movement in space produces textures and patterns of constantly moving points, lines, groups that are highly complex and not easily followed even when executed with precision. And in these performances they were executed by an insufficiently trained or rehearsed group with lack of precision that smudged what needed to be clean and sharp.

Schnabel's first New York appearance of the season was made in a recital at the Frick Collection. There was no mistaking the fact that a great musician was playing, even though there was no mistaking the fact also that much of the time he was playing badly—with overemphasis that was hard on the ear and the mind in so small a room, and occasionally with a curious loss of rhythmic control that sent the music skidding for a few measures. I am speaking of what happened in the performances of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 7 and the Mozart A minor; but in Mozart's D major (K. 576) there were the poised clarity and sharpness of outline, the coherent proportions of Schnabel's playing at its best; and even with its excesses the performance of Beethoven's Op. 109 retained its greatness as an interpretive achievement.

On December 6 Webster Aitken will play Bach's "Goldberg" Variations at the Frick Collection; on January 3 the Budapest Quartet is to play. The first hour of the concerts is broadcast by WNYC. Also, on November 28 and December 12 at Town Hall Kurt Applebaum, in whose playing one hears the operation of a first-rate musical intelligence, will give the remaining two of his series of recitals of Beethoven sonatas. I did not like the over-emphasis and plastic distortion of his performance of Op. 57 at the first recital; but the performances of Op. 14 No. 1 and Op. 78 were those of a man whom you would do well to hear.

Columbia's December list offers the long-awaited set (526, $4.73) of Mozart's great G minor Quintet for strings performed by the Budapest Quartet and M. Katims. The performance is a superb statement of the work in living sound; but as reproduced by the records the sound is muffled in its lower and middle range, and nasal and cutting in its upper range.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

England and Russia After the War

Dear Sirs: May I add a note to Ralph Bates's review of "Europe, Russia, and the Future" by G. D. H. Cole? Cole starts from the assumption that after Hitler's defeat a return to the old status quo in Europe will be impossible, since the revolutions after this war will be much more widespread than they were after the First World War. I agree that there can be no return to the status quo, but it will be chiefly because instead of four great powers in Europe—Germany, Italy, France, and Soviet Russia—there will be but one, Soviet Russia. English foreign policy before the First World War and in the period between the two wars was directed toward maintaining the balance of power in Europe. Hitler destroyed this balance, but his defeat will not mean that it can be restored. England will be unable to take up its former role because there will be no approximately equal forces in balance. Soviet Russia will be the sole great power in continental Europe.

Whatever developments may take place later, Germany at first will be disarmed and occupied, and it will have no voice in Europe's affairs. Italy is neither militarily nor industrially a great power—if further proof were needed this war has furnished it—and in an age of mass-production it cannot become one. France is now only a medium-great power; by a process that has been going on for a generation it has lost its position of hegemony.

Before the war the population of the Soviet Union was 170,000,000; the annexation of parts of Poland and Rumania brought it up to 200,000,000. Other states with predominantly Slav populations will be drawn into the Russian orbit after the collapse of Nazi Germany. Agrarian revolutions may be expected all over Eastern Europe and the Balkans, and the regimes subsequently set up will be more strongly inclined toward the Soviet regime than toward any other in Europe. Half the people of the Continent, a Continent without any other leading power, will be in Soviet Russia. This fact, according to Cole, will determine Europe's future development. (In view of this fact it is extremely important, though it may not be decisive, that the Soviet Union at the present time is placing greater emphasis on nationalism than on socialism, or revolution, and that immediately after the war it will have its hands full feeding its people and repairing the worst of the war's ravages.)

Moreover, the position of England, independent of European developments, will be fundamentally changed. Before the First World War England's foreign investments were as large as those of the rest of the world put together. After the war it was still a creditor country, but it shared its position with the United States. After the present war England will probably have lost most of its foreign investments, and the United States will be the leading capitalist power in the world. Further, whatever India's status during the war, its independence cannot be held up for long after the war is over. Thus England, having lost the greater part of its foreign investments and having learned that it cannot continue its colonial imperialism, will stand before two possible courses: it must become more than ever a European power, or it must play second fiddle in an American-English alliance.

To what extent the future of Europe will be determined by American-English interference is a question Cole leaves open. In England, he emphasizes, all positions of real power will still be in the hands of the Tories. It is significant that though Labor holds many Cabinet posts, no representative of the party accompanied Churchill to either Washington or Moscow. The party lacks, he believes, the unconquerable will to power—and he may be right. Perhaps this will develop only after the war, when the great dislocations in the whole English body politic become more visible than they are today.

But even if the Labor Party is not now a decisive political force in England, its weight may turn the scales when Continental issues are to be decided. Before and after the First World War the party was certainly weaker than it is today, but even then it was strong enough more than once to block intervention against the Soviet Union. Perhaps after the Second World War English Labor will play the same role in relation to Europe that it played in relation to Russia after the First.

FRITZ STERNBERG

Washington, November 12

A Fear Well Founded

Dear Sirs: I opened your issue which reached me last Friday with a curious interest to see whether you, unlike most of the other critics of the State Department's Vichy policy, had been frank enough to admit that the American and British offensive in Northwest Africa had proved that you had been mistaken and the department amply justified. But I found no such admission; on the contrary, I read your shrewish attempts to defend your attacks on the department and your somewhat imperious warnings to Mr. Hull and his associates that they should follow your recommendations in their attitude toward the Fighting French movement.

And now that General Eisenhower, doubtless for military reasons which are convincing to him and his superiors, has recognized Admiral Darlan's authority in French North Africa, we can, I fear, anticipate a new campaign by *The Nation* against Mr. Hull and his colleagues. I venture to suggest that aspersions on the motives of members of the State Department are unworthy of *The Nation.* JAMES G. MCDONALD

New York, November 19

Write to George Norris!

Dear Sirs: The unwarranted defeat of Senator George W. Norris at the polls in Nebraska is cause for sorrow on the part of every liberal in America. His post-election statement indicates that he believes his defeat to be a repudiation of his forty years of public service.

George Norris has given his whole life to fighting privilege, bossism, and corruption. Whenever civil liberties were abrogated or minority rights threatened, the friends of liberty always could depend upon the Senator from Nebraska. From the beginning of his long career in Congress to the hour of his defeat, he was a foe of reaction and retained a youthful zeal for political and economic reform. Party lines never affected his determination to serve the people according to the dictates of his own mind and conscience.

Every liberal in America should write a letter to Senator Norris expressing gratitude for his long years of devotion to the very highest ideals of public service. J. OWEN GRUNDY

Jersey City, N. J., November 16

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